THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, NEUTRAL IN NOTHING AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

Vol VI. No 44. J. J. BURKE EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. *Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning, June 29, 1893.* ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR. STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

The Tight Money Market

Makes Clothing Manufacturers Anxious to Unload.

We relieved one of them of about $1.000 worth of

MEN AND BOYS'

CLOTHING

the other day and we are in a position to give Clothing buyers a *picnic of unheard of Low Prices.*

For Instance:

We show one lot of Boys' Fine Cheviot Suits, size 4 to 14 at $1.65.
Price all over town $3.50.

Boys' Cassimere Suits, ages 13 to 19 at $3.50.
Real value $5.00.

Men's All-Wool Stylish Cassimere Suits, at $7.00.
Usual price $10.00.

Men's Fine Cassimere Suits in Grey shades at $10.00.
Never offered before less than $15.00.

These are only a few items out of many. All we ask is that you will examine our goods before buying elsewhere.

The Model Clothing House,

TEMPERANCE TEMPLE,

Waukegan, - Illinois.

Antioch Time Table, Wisconsin Central Line.

Going North. Lv. Chicago.	Arv. at Antioch.	Going South. Lv. Antioch.	Arv. at Chicago.
*No. 1, 11:15 PM§	1:18 AM	*No. 2, 4:50 AM §	7:15 AM
¥No. 7, 8:00 AM	10:22 AM	*No. 8, 5:21 PM	7:43 PM
§No. 9, 4:00 PM	6:37 PM	§No. 10, 6:33 AM	10:00 AM
¥No. 5, 2:30 PM	4:25 PM	§No. 4, 8:10 AM	10:05 AM
§No. 3, 5:00 PM	6:49 PM	¥No. 6, 10:05 AM	12:30 PM
§No. 61, 8:30 AM	10:57 AM	§No. 60, 6:11 PM	8:50 PM
		§No. 62, 6:35 AM	8:35 AM

Reference marks: * stop on signal. § daily. ¥ daily except Sunday. * daily except Sunday and Monday.

Reference marks: ‡ Sun. only. † Mon. only.

W. F. ZIEGLER, Agent.

Entered at the Antioch Post-office for transmission through the mails as second class mail matter.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. $1,25 IF NOT PAID IN 60 DAYS.

J. J. BURKE, PUBISHER. : A. F. BURKE, LOCAL EDITOR.

Antioch Home News.

L. P. Barnes, of Salem, was here Tuesday.

Our streets are being put in good shape for travel.

Don't fail to attend the ball at the Opera House July 4th.

Have you tried that chow-chow for sale by the quart at Foltz'?

D. A. Williams was in the world's fair city the latter part of the past week.

The largest display of fire works can be seen in the show window of C. O. Foltz & Co.

W. F. Ziegler entertained his sister, Miss Myrtle Ziegler, of Mendon, Mich., this week.

F. J. Dietmeyer, of Waukegan, passed through here Friday on his way to the races at Hebron.

Work on the roads is claiming the attention of "the able bodied citizen over 21 years of age."

T. C. Richardson returned the latter part of the past week from a visit with his son, J. C. Richardson, at Prairie Farm, Wis.

Those 4 Crown olives at C. O. Foltz & Co.'s are fine. Try Them, 75 cents per quart.

L. B. Grice has purchased a fine new bus to be run in connection with his livery stable here.

The fixtures for the public drinking fountain arrived the past week. The fountain is in the shape of a lamp post and will be quite an ornament when lighted up by gas.

A large number of people from this village attended an ice cream social at the residence of Wm. Westlake, southwest of this village Friday evening last. The weather was beautiful and all who attended pronounce the affair a grand success.

On Tuesday evening, July 4th proprietor Wilton will give a grand ball at his Opera House in this village. Tickets including dance and supper and the care of horses and baggage only $1.75. It is needless for us to say that everything will be first class in all respects. Music will be furnished by Thompson's Orchestra of Chicago. All are very cordially invited to be present.

New potatoes are in market.

Side Delivery Rakes at Watson's.

Thompson's Orchestra at the Opera House, July 4th.

Small grain in this section is making a good showing.

Miss Ethel Hughes, of Lake Villa, was a caller at our office Monday.

Messrs. Sheehan and Derby, of Lake Villa, were callers at our office Tuesday.

The hotels are beginning to receive their full consignment of summer boarders.

The latest improvement in hay making, the C. B. Q. Side Delivery Rakes at Watson's.

John Morley was among the number from here who attended the Derby at Chicago Saturday.

Albert Herman will give Saturday night dances at his hotel, Grass Lake, this season we understand.

We are headquarters for canned goods. Call and examine our complete stock of canned soups. Foltz.

Uncle Rob Potter and Miss Frances Elliott visited in Chicago the latter part of the past week.

The finest and largest display of canned goods ever shown in Antioch is to be seen at C. O. Foltz & Co.'s.

You will miss the greatest treat of the season if you fail to attend the 4th of July celebration at Wadsworth.

Miss Maude Jewett, of Sparta, Wis., visited with her uncle, E. E. Judd and other relatives in this vicinity this week.

J. L. Harden and sons shipped a carload of lambs to Chicago the first of the week. C. Coon also shipped a couple of carloads of sheep at the same time.

Tomato soup, mock turtle soup, ox tail soup, vegetable soup, chicken soup, beef soup, bouillon soup, consomme soup, mulligatawny soup, all in stock at C. O. Foltz & Co.'s.

A reduction of the railroad fare to Chicago seems to be the general demand all over the country. We think the railroad companies could well afford to make a rate of one fare for the round trip.

The Wolf brothers, of Chicago, lately placed a beautiful gasoline launch on Channel Lake. This boat is without doubt the finest in this section. Mr. Oleson, who has a cottage at Lake Marie, also placed a steamer on the lakes the past week.

Last week S. M. Spafford sold to an Evanston party a five-year-old sorrel horse for $250. The horse market for good stock appears to be reasonably high. This makes four horses Mr. Spafford has sold to Evanston parties within a year, having sold a team some time ago for $350; later a driving horse at $175, and the one just sold.

Some time ago a report was circulated in this section that the Dan Head Banking Co., of Kenosha, was in straightened circumstances and had for several days closed its doors against depositors. Just what object the originators of this story had for circulating such a report we do not know. They certainly had no grounds in truth for starting such a falsehood. The bank is not financially embarrassed, if it was the company would not continue to buy all the good paper offered them. If you think they are short of money bring over that bundle of notes or realestate mortgage that you hold and if it is good paper they will cash it quickly. If you want any greater evidence of their ability to meet all their obligations we would advise you to call on them. They can easily furnish you with the desired information.

Celebrate.

Our stores have a big display of 4th of July goods.

John Hoffman, of Rosecrans, was in our village Monday.

Work was commenced on the foundation for the new bank this week.

Dr. Galloway, of Libertyville, was in our village Wednesday and made our office a short call.

We have the finest line of Gherkins and Dingees pickles ever seen in town. C. O. Foltz & Co.

Don't fail to take in the 4th of July celebration at Lux's Park, Wadsworth. For programme see posters.

Pitt Judd returned home from Sauk Center, Minnesota, the latter part of the past week, making the entire journey on horse back.

As next Sunday is the Sunday preceding Independence Day there will be an appropriate service at the Methodist church in the morning. Subject, "The Hand of God in American History."

The barber shop has been moved into the VanPatten building on the east side of Main St. and will continue under the management of Ernest Roscher, who will be pleased to attend to all your wants in the barbering line.

L. W. Lewis, the jeweler from Lake Geneva, will be at Antioch every Monday beginning with Monday June 12, to attend to cleaning and repairing watches etc. Leave your watches and jewelry with J. E. Perkins and have them fixed.

L. W. Lewis, Lake Geneva.

The ice companies in this vicinty have been doing considerable vigorous protesting lately on account of the raise in the assessed valuation of their ice houses. Heretofore their property has been rated very low by the assessor, but it is now probable that they will have to bear their share of the taxes with the rest of the property owners.

The old and well known Bank of Dan Head & Co., of Kenosha, Wis., is buying all good mortgages that are offered, running two, three four and five years. We are paying 4 per cent on time certificates. We will have one of the best looking and strongest banks in the state when completed. New brown stone front going in now.

DAN HEAD & Co., Bankers.

Lovers of good horses and those interested in breeding them should not fail to see the three fine stallions owned by G. A. Voltz, which may be seen at his stable on the old Voltz farm one mile east of Liberty Corners. The list comprises, Gus Voltz, with a three-year-old record of 2:20¾, sired by Phallus, record 2:13¾; Lucky V., No. 8015, sired by Swigert, dam by Nutwood Chief; and Able, sired by California, dam by George M. Patchen.

The Security Savings Bank, of Waukegan, has a capital of $50,000.-00, transacts a general banking business; receives deposits of $1.00 or more; pays 4 per cent on deposits. Money payable on demand. Customers' valuable papers kept in our vault free of charge. Watchman on guard all night. Choice 6 per cent farm loans for sale; principal and interest guaranteed. Chas. Whitney, Pres., W. C. Upton, Vice Pres, John Mulhall Cashier.

Notice to Pensioners.

The Fourth of July is a legal holiday and pension papers cannot be legally executed on that day. I will be in the office on Wednesday July 5th prepared to attend to the wants of my soldier friends.

J. J. Burke J. P.

1875. { EIGHTEEN YEARS OF SOUND, SAFE AND SOLID BANKING. } 1893.

DAN HEAD & CO., BANKERS,

KENOSHA, - WISCONSIN.

Country Merchants, Livestock Dealers, Farmers, in fact all who are obliged to handle any money in small or large amounts, would find it pleasant and to their advantage to open a Bank account.

PAY ALL YOUR BILLS WITH CHECKS DRAWN ON THIS BANK.

Keep no money at your homes.

Checks on this Bank pass at "Par" all over the United States; any store keeper will give you the cash for checks drawn on this Bank.

DEPOSITS FROM $1,00 UP RECEIVED.

We also issue a "Bond Form Coupon Certificate," that draws 4 per-cent per annum, payable every six months.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

If you have any money that you wish to loan on Mortgage Security we can place it for you. No charge. Good Mortages on hand and for sale in sums to suit, that will pay you six per-cent interest.

City 5 per-cent and Covernment 4 per-cent Bonds for sale.

Our "Nickel Savings Bank,"

IS NOW OPEN AND IN RUNNING ORDER.

(Write us for particulars.)

We Have ONE of the BEST Burglar Proof Vaults in the World.

Bring in your valuable papers and deposit them therein.

DAN HEAD, President. URBAN J. LEWIS, Cashier.
Wm. ENGEL, V. Pres. F. W. ENGEL, Ass't Cashier.

WAUKEGAN

Abstract Co.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT —OF— D. L. JONES.

This Company is the sole owner of The Entire set of Abstract Books Formerly Compiled and owned by W. H. Ellis.

They are complete to all real-estate in Lake County from Government to date, and are the only complete Abstract books of Lake Co., real-estate.

We also have the set compiled by D. L. JONES, which gives us the advantage of two sets.

D. L. JONES, Manager. C. A. PARTRIDGE, President.

A. P. AMES,

—DEALER IN—

HARDWARE, TIN WARE,

BARB WIRE AND BUILDERS SUPPLIES,

Paints, Oils, Brushes, Calcimine, etc. New Process Gasoline stoves,

FARM MACHINERY, PLOWS, BUGGIES, CARTS,

WIND MILLS, HARNESS, PUMPS ETC,

Milk Cans Our Specialty

ANTIOCH, - ILL.

ANY THING NOT IN STOCK PROMPTLY ORDERED.

No trouble to show goods, I am here to sell and all I ask is an opportunity to show my machinery and make prices. Call and see me.

New Shoes hurt one's feet.

There is a temptation to make the old ones do, even when they have begun to let in damp, rather than to hobble painfully in new. To combine the advantages of both

BEN STONE,

Antioch, Illinois,

SELLS

SHOES THAT DO NOT HURT,

Yet are elegant shaped, wear well and do not cost dear.

Test this statement; a call will convince. Your old horror of new shoes will vanish. Our patrons neither hobble in new or slouch in superannuated shoes. They

Walk in a more Excellent way.

BEN STONE, Repairing neatly and cheaply done.

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS

ANTIOCH, : ILLINOIS.

WEEKLY NEWS REVIEW.

Latest Telegraphic News From All Parts of the World.

Several forest fires are raging in Colorado. The Town of Bachellor in the Creede district is threatened with destruction.

It is believed that Moody Merrill, the missing Boston capitalist, left for Canada May 27 and is now in Montreal.

Melengo McLeod, a wealthy citizen of Stockton, Cal., on his way to the World's Fair stepped from a Pullman car on a Rio Grande train near Pueblo and was killed.

Princess Eulalia has presented to Mr. Robert A. Parke of the Pennsylvania Railroad a beautiful and costly dagger, highly ornamented and inlaid with jewels. Mr. Parke had personal charge of the train in which the Princess traveled.

Dexter mine, near Ishpeming, Mich. is to close down. Over half the mines in that district are now idle.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Hart, Professor of Trinity College, has been elected Bishop of the Episcopal Church of Vermont.

Paymaster John C. Sullivan, U. S. N., will soon be brought before a general court martial. Charges of irregularity are being prepared. He is under suspension at Vallejo, Cal.

At the session of the Elk Grand Lodge at Detroit, Ashley Apperly of Louisville, Ky., was elected Grand Exalted Ruler and Allen O. Myers of Cincinnati Secretary.

H. C. Frick of the Carnegie Company and Ben Butterworth of Cincinnati are negotiating to build a large iron and steel mill in Findlay, Ohio, to manufacture Heckert's projectiles.

The attorneys for Dr. Thatcher Graves, who is awaiting a rehearing at Denver, Colo., on the charge of poisoning Mrs. Barnaby of Providence, R. I., have applied to the Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus and ask that the doctor be forever set free.

The two small sons of Frank Freeman, living near Sherman, Ill., were drowned, falling into a well.

Miss Hattie Horner, the Kansas poetess, and Earl Louthan of Chicago were married at White Water, Kan.

John Harrison and wife of Leadville, Colo., drew $1,500, their savings of years, from the bank. That night the money was stolen.

The Rev. Rodney Edwards, formerly pastor of Trinity Church in San Francisco, was arrested there charged with embezzling $1,200 trust funds.

A man giving the name of Page from New York was arrested at Waterloo, Iowa, charged with swindling a farmer out of $3,200 on a patent right scheme.

Rainmaker Melbourne has made a contract with Senator Warren and other citizens of Laramie County, Wyo., to produce one-half inch of rain within the next five days.

Miss Nettie Wetzel swallowed several grains of strychnine at Peoria, Ill., and died a few hours later. She was 16 years old and has been insane on the subject of suicide for over a year.

Secretary John W. Baer of the United Society of Christian Endeavor has sent from Boston a final letter to President Higinbotham of the World's Fair urging a reconsideration of the decision to open Sunday.

Railway telegraph superintendent at Milwaukee elected the following officers: President, U. J. Fry of Milwaukee; Vice-President, O. C. Greene of St. Paul; Secretary and Treasurer, C. W. Drew of Chicago.

Mrs. Peary has decided to again accompany her husband on his Arctic expedition. Dr. Edward E. Vincent of Springfield, Ill., who was formerly Surgeon-General of the Illinois National Guard, has been appointed Chief Surgeon of the expedition.

The Supreme Court decided at Boston, Mass., in the case of Frank Roberts, that sending a child to a parochial school was a sufficient compliance with the statutes, although the school had not been approved by the School committee of the city or town.

A verdict of guilty in the second degree was rendered in Charles S. Whalen's trial for the murder of Gerald Spaulding near Portage, Wis.

The eighth annual meeting of the Western Association of Writers will be held at Warsaw, Ind., June 26, to last five days. There will be afternoon sessions at the large pavilion at Spring Fountain Park and evening sessions at Warsaw.

Johnnie Seipler, 11 years old, had his back broken at Racine, Wis., by a blow from a base ball bat in the hands of a companion named John Nagle. His lower limbs are paralize and he is unconscious. Physicians say he can not live.

John Ruppert, 27 years old, was drowned at Peoria, Ill., in attempting to wade across Kickapoo Creek, a small stream.

Gov. Altgeld pardoned Theophilus Wiley, who was sent to the Reform School from Logan County for stealing a horse, which he subsequently returned.

Frederick Love of Minneapolis was arrested charged with stealing goods from his employer, T. M. Roberts, a hardware dealer, to the amount of $5,000.

William Collins, a clerk on the Missouri Pacific Railroad at Fort Scott, Kan., was arrested on a charge of drawing money from the company on fictitious names kept on the pay-roll

Frederick Jacobus shot himself in the head at La Crosse, Wis. He will probably recover. His act was caused by despondency.

Mrs. Johanne W. Winn was knocked down by a runaway team at Madison, Wis., and died that night of the injuries she received.

G. W. Blanchard of the Daily Leader of Dubuque, Iowa, published his valedictory, the paper having been bought by a stock company formed in the city.

John Almer, a stranger, made himself so obnoxious to the people of the suburbs of Sioux City, Iowa, during the last two days that only prompt police interference saved him from lynching.

LIZZIE BORDEN FREE.

The Jury Declares That She Is Not Guilty.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 20.—"Not guilty."

Miss Borden's head went down upon the rail in front of her and tears came where they had refused to come for many a long day as she heard the sweetest words ever poured into her willing ears.

A wild cheer broke forth from the tongues of the many who crowded the court-room and the sedate judges made no effort to suppress the hearty expression of sympathy for the prisoner.

Mr. Jennings was almost crying and his voice broke as he put his hand out to Mr. Adams, who sat next to him, and said: "Thank God!" while Mr. Adams returned the pressure of the hand and seemed incapable of speech. Ex-Gov. Robinson turned to the rapidly disappearing members of the jury as they filed out of their seats and gleamed on them with a fatherly interes in his kindly eye, and stood up as Mr. Knowlton and Mr. Moody came over to shake hands with the counsel for the defense.

As soon as possible the room was cleared, although it was a hard task, since everybody wanted to shake hands with Miss Borden. When the spectators had finally gone she was taken to the room of the justices and allowed to recover her composure with only the eyes of her friends upon her and the caresses of devoted admirers. At the expiration of an hour she was placed in a carriage and driven to the station where she took the train for Fall River, her home no longer probably, but still the only objective point for the immediate present.

At the opening of court there were as many people in the room as at and time during the session. Miss Borden entered the room at 8:55. Ex-Gov. Robinson took a seat beside her and the two engaged in conversation until court opened at 9 o'clock. The jury was polled and the District Attorney picked up the thread of his argument where he dropped it Monday night. He congratulated the jury upon the near approach of the end

At the conclusion of the district attorney's address, the chief justice addressed Miss Borden by name, telling her that she now had a voice and could say to the jury what she choose to say. She arose, somewhat agitated, and said to the jury: "I am innocent, but I will leave my case in your hands and in the hands of my counsel."

Judge Dewey charged the jury. He read his charge rapidly, and among other things embodied therein was the caution to take a decision only upon the law and the evidence. The court defined the degrees of murder and said the degree was to be determined by the jury.

SOUTH WANTS A SUBSTITUTE

Will Oppose an Unconditional Repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—"I hardly think there will be an unconditional repeal of the Sherman law," said Congressman James E. Cobb of Alabama. "My section of country is not especially enamored of the Sherman act, but opposes its repeal unless some substitute is found that will give relief from the present financial stringency. My constituents are, first of all, advocates of free silver coinage and still think Congress should pass such a measure, but if that can't be done they would prefer to see some measure that would approximate as nearly as possible to the benefit they believe would flow from placing silver on an equal status with gold. They want both a greater volume of money and such modification of the financial system, as far as legislation can effect it, as will bring about a more equal distribution of the currency. I am not prepared to say what that modification should be in the event that free coinage fails, but will be guided by existing conditions when the time for action comes, always urging for my people more money and cheaper money. I did not favor the Sherman act or vote for it, and much prefer a system of coining silver to the plan of heaping it up in bullion form, which makes of it a mere commodity."

SENATOR HILL ON FREE SILVER.

His Speech on the Sherman Law His Latest Utterance on the Question.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 26.—Senator Hill was asked yesterday in reference to a recent letter upon the silver question purporting to have been sent by him from Albany to the president of the Board of Trade at Cincinnati. Senator Hill stated that he had written no letter to Cincinnati upon the silver question or any other question, but that upon a request from Mr. Dolph, president of the Board of Trade of that city, for his views upon the financial question, he had caused his clerk to forward Mr. Dolph a printed copy of his remarks upon his bill for the repeal of the Sherman law, delivered in the Senate in February last, and stating that his sentiment were expressed in in that speech, and that instead of publishing the simple letter from his clerk Mr. Dolph had assumed the liberty of making some extracts from the speech and sent them out to the public in a garbled and inaccurate state as a recent letter to him upon the financial question. Senator Hill has all along declined to be interviewed upon the question, saying that he had fully expressed his sentiments in the Senate and had nothing now to add to or retract from them.

Full Brothers Ahead of Half Brothers.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, June 26.—The Supreme Court of Ohio in the Deahler will case has decided that brothers and sisters of full blood inherited before half brothers or sisters. This added nearly $1,000,000 to the wealth of William G. Deahler.

MEN PROBABLY DROWNED.

An Overturned Boat Found Drifting in Lake Erie Near Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, June 23.—A mystery, behind which may be a tragedy, surrounds the finding of an overturned rowboat floating on the waves of Lake Erie, one mile out from the foot of Waverly Avenue.

Sunday morning Newell brothers rented a rowboat to four men—Herman Cerbock of 17 Purdy Street, William Oldridge of 46 Purdy Street and John Wagner and Fred Heike, living on Iona Street. No tidings have been received of the men and it is now believed they were drowned.

NO MORE INSPECTION.

SECRETARY MORTON MAKES A RADICAL CHANGE.

The System of Meat Inspection Introduced by Secretary Rusk to Be Abolished—Morton Says It Is an Expensive Luxury—Interesting Figures.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—Secretary Morton does not believe in governmental paternalism. His policy in this respect is exactly the reverse of that of his predecessor, Secretary Rusk. The constant aim of Mr. Rusk was to expand the work of the Agriculture Department and give it the broadest possible scope. Mr. Morton is seeking to limit the work of the department to strictly governmental functions. The Secretary has just prepared a statement which shows the unsatisfactory results of doing private business at public expense. It shows that the so-called meat inspection is not only useless but highly expensive and and the fact that he has reduced the force of salaried employes in the bureau of animal industry 243 since he took charge of the agricultural bureau, making a saving to the government thereby of about $200,000, is evidence to show that he intends to render the meat inspection less expensive in the future, if not abolish it entirely.

Secretary Morton's statement of the cost of the Department of Microscopy is only one of the expensive features of meat inspection and does not include the cost of taggers and the various other officers necessary to carry out the scheme of meat inspection. The result is shown in the following figures, as applied to six of the large packing cities of the country on the country on the export of pork alone for the eleven months ending May 31, 1893:

Chicago—Number of pounds of pork exported to countries requiring certificates of inspection, 17,482,975; value of pork exports at 12 cents a pound, $2,097,957.48; cost for microscopy, $66,162.48.

Kansas City—Number of pounds of pork exported to countries requiring certificates of inspection, 1,366,621; value of pork exported, estimated at 12 cents a pound, $163,9944.52; cost of microscopy, $40,808.41.

Indianapolis—Number of pounds of pork exported to countries requiring certificates of inspection, 2,546; value of pork exports, estimated at 12 cents a pound, $305.52; cost of microscopy, $4,934.08.

South Omaha—Number of pounds of pork exported to countries requiring certificates of inspection, 1,478,898; value of pork exported, estimated at 12 cents a pound, $176,276.76; cost of microscopy, $23,212.90.

Pittsburg—Exports none; cost of microscopy, $3,878.91.

Nebraska City, Neb.—Exports none; cost of microscopy, $6,605.63.

Secretary Morton's stat-ment shows that the entire value of the pork exports to countries requiring certificates of inspection for the eleven months ending May 31, 1893, was $3,577,743 and that the cost for microscopy was $230,000.

Great Britain, which requires no certificates of inspection, bought $340,000,000 worth, or nearly ten times as much in the same period, without any expense on the part of the United States government for microscopy. Secretary Morton recently addressed the German government through the State department a communication asking a number of questions on the subject of meat inspection. He expects, when this reply is received, to have official evidence that American pork exports to Germany is not affected by the inspection in this country, for the reason that our exports are not admitted into Germany even on a certificate of inspection until they have all undergone a thorough inspection by the German government.

Turning Them Out.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—The administration has found a new way of forcing Republicans out of office. About the first of the present month it appointed a Marshal for the Northern District of Alabama. The Republican Marshal, Nininger, refused to retire, claiming that he was commissioned for four years, and should serve out his term unless removed for cause. A few days ago his accounts for the quarter ending April 1 were approved by the Comptroller of the Treasury, amounting to $12,000, but notwithstanding its approval by the highest authority of the Department of Justice has deliberately held up to the account, refusing to pay until Nininger's resignation is received. There is no question as to its accuracy, and the entire amount accumulated long before his resignation was asked for, yet by this method it is hoped to force him to tender his resignation.

Medals for Brave Men.

WASHINGTON, June 23.—Secretary Carlisle has awarded a silver life-saving medal to Edward F. Weise of Milwaukee, Wis., for rescuing a man from drowning in the Milwaukee river in August, 1892. He has also awarded a silver life-saving medal to Martin Knupson, keeper of the Pilot Island lighthouse, Wisconsin, for assisting in saving the lives of seven men and one woman from the shipwrecked schooner A. P. Nichols in October, 1892.

Mr. Johnson Would Accept.

WASHINGTON, June 21.—Congressman Tom Johnson has indicated in a private letter to a Washington friend his willingness to accept the Democratic nomination for Governor of Ohio if it comes with tolerable unanimity.

Gold in the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The gold balance in the United States Treasury to-day was $94,261,436.

New York Weekly Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, June 26.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes: Reserve, decrease, $3,394,825; loans, decrease, $4,714,300; specie, decrease, $1,295,200; legal tenders, decrease, $3,117,700; deposits, decrease, $8,472,300; circulation, decrease, $97,100. The banks now hold $5,481,975 in excess of the reqirements of the 25 per cent rule.

Death of Congressman Mutchler.

EASTON, Pa., June 24.—William Mutchler of this city, Democratic member of Congress from the Eighth Pennsylvania District, died suddenly of heart disease.

LETTER OF LEO XIII.

Papal Instructions On the School Question.

BALTIMORE, June 22.—Cardinal Gibbons has given the Associated Press the official translation of the much discussed pontifical letter from the Pope on the school question. It shows the Pope's love for America; eulogizes Mgr. Satolli; gives the twofold purpose of his mission; his position on the school question explained to the Archbishops in New York, misunderstood by others, and indorsed by the Pope, who declares it to be in harmony with the council of Baltimore, which remains in its integrity. The pontifical letter follows in extract:

Beloved son and venerable brethren: Health and apostolic benediction: We have often given manifest proofs both of our solicitude for the welfare of the faithful people and Bishops of the United States of America, and of the peculiar affection with which we cherish that portion of our Saviour's flock. Of this we have given additional and unmistakable evidence in sending to you as our delegate our venerable Brother Francis, titular Archbishop of Lepanto, an illustrious man, not less pre-eminent by his learning than by his virtues, as you yourselves, in the recent meeting of the Archbishops in New York, have plainly testified, thus confirming the trust which we had reposed in his prudence.

Now his legation had this for its object—that it should be a public testimonial of our good will toward your country, and the high esteem in which we hold those who administer the government of the Republic; for he was to assist in our name at the dedication of the Universal Exposition held in the city of Chicago, in which we ourselves, by the courteous invitation of its directors, have taken part.

But his legation had this also for its purpose, that our presence should be made, as it were, perpetual among you by the permanent establishment of an apostolic delegation at Washington. By this we have manifestly declared not only that we love your nation equally with those most flourishing countries to which we have been accustomed to send representatives vested with our authority, but also that we vehemently desire that the bonds of actual relationship binding you and your faithful people with us, as children with their father, should grow closer every day. Nor was it a small comfort to our heart that this new act of our care in your regard was followed by a general outpouring of thanks and affection toward us.

Now, in our fraternal solicitude for your well being, we had above all given command to the archbishop of Lepanto that he should use all his endeavors and all the skill of his fraternal charity for the extirpation of all the germs of dissension developed in the too well known controversies concerning the proper instruction of Catholic youth; a dissension whose flame was fanned by various writings published on both sides. These commands of ours our venerable brother fully complied with; and in the month of November of last year he repaired to New York where there had assembled with you beloved son, all the other Archbishops of your country, they having complied with the desire which I had communicated through them through the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda that, after conferring with their suffragans, they should join councils and deliberate concerning the best method of caring for those Catholic children who attend the public schools instead of Catholic schools.

The things which you wisely decreed in that meeting were pleasing to the said archbishop of Lepanto, who bestowed merited praise on your prudence, and expressed his belief that these decrees would prove most useful. This judgment, we also with great pleasure confirm; and to yourself and the other prelates then assembled with you we give deserved praise for having thus opportunely responded to our counsel and our expectation. But at the same time our said venerable brother, wishing, as it was our desire, to settle the question concerning the right instruction of Catholic youth about which, as above stated, controversy was being waged and writings published with excited minds and angry feelings, laid before you certain propositions, put in shape by myself, touching upon both the theoretical principles of the subject and their practical application."

Long Journey of Two Venturesome Colorado Men.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 26.—At first thought a trip from Denver to Chicago by water seems an impossibility, but it is being accomplished by two venturesome men in a twenty-foot boat. Capt. Otis Cortett and Dr. W. J. Hamilton left Denver April 2 in a boat of their own construction and have reached this city. From near Denver they went down the South Platte River to its confluence with the North Platte at North Platte, Neb., and then down the latter to Plattsmouth and into the Missouri River. Taking into consideration the meandering of the river it is estimated that they have already traveled a distance of 1,500 miles and 1,000 miles more of water will have to be traversed before they will catch the first glimpse of the White City. They will embark again and go to St. Louis where they will abandon their boat and make the remainder of the trip up the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers and through the Illinois and Michigan Canal in a sixteen-foot skiff.

Big Blaze at Bay City.

BAY CITY, Mich., June 26.—The new drill house and blacksmith shop at McGraw's old plant in the south end of the city caught fire at 11 o'clock. The flames spread to surrounding property and much damage was threatened. A general alarm has been turned in.

May Import Negro Laborers.

PITTSBURG, Kan., June 24.—The conference between the committees of employers and striking miners was fruitless. No agreement could be reached, neither side being willing to make concessions. Several of the employers posted notices stating that the strikers would be given ten days to return to work, and if they refused to work that their places would be given to new men. It is believed the employers are arranging to import negroes from the South to take strikers' places. In that event trouble is sure to follow, for the white miners will never allow negroes to take their places.

GLOOM IN LONDON.

THE NATION MOURNS THE LOSS OF HER SONS.

The Victoria's Disaster Has Also Stirred Up a Wild Storm of Indignation—General News Notes of Foreign Lands.

LONDON, June 26.—It would be hard to describe the feeling that prevails everywhere in regard to the calamity that has befallen the country through the loss of the battleship Victoria off Tripoli, Syria, and the drowning of so many of her officers and crew.

Sorrow for the dead and sympathy for the relatives and friends of those who went down with the ship is widespread.

In some quarters indignation is expressed that such an accident should occur. But so far as known there is no foundation for this feeling. The lack of details caused by the remoteness of the scene of the disaster allows of no expression of definite opinion and full reports of the accident are eagerly awaited.

It is not believed that a full story of the sad affair can be obtained until the arrival at Malta of the Camperdown, which ran into the Victoria, or some other vessel belonging to the British Mediterranean squadron conveying survivors from the Victoria.

THE COURT WAS UNFAIR.

Armenians Were Unjustly Convicted of Sedition at Angora.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 23.—A letter from Angora from a trustworthy source describes the unfair way in which the recent trial of Armenians there for sedition was conducted. The judges were three Turks, one Greek and one Catholic. The court refused to hear witnesses who were ready to prove an alibi for the prisoners or to listen to the prisoners' statements as to the tortures they had endured, declaring that the trial must not be delayed.

The public prosecutor asked one prisoner why he had not sent a telegram to the Sultan. The reply came instantly: "We did, but the telegram was given to you and you still have it." The prosecutor did not deny the charge. Some of the prisoners boldly avowed the existence of an Armenian secret society, the members of which were sworn to risk their lives in behalf of the oppressed people.

They might suffer, they said, but others were ready to take their places until protection was given to their lives and property. Prof. Thomasian, who is one of those condemned to death, is not a member of this society. The general belief is that orders were sent from the capital to convict the prisoners. Thirty others are awaiting trial.

APPEALED TO THE KING.

Wurtemburg Peasants Driven Almost to Despair by the Famine.

BERLIN, June 23.—At a meeting of Wurtemburg peasants a petition to the King was framed asking him to convoke the Landtag and authorize a grant for the purchase of fodder abroad and its distribution among the peasants on credit. The Wurtemburg ministers are consulting experts on the situation.

The Landtag has been summoned to meet on June 27 for a similar purpose along the Rhine, and in Hesse Nassau the greatest scarcity prevails. The price of hay has raised 8, 9 and in some places 10 shillings per hundred weight. From Strasburg it is reported that meat is selling at such prices that the peasant farmers have been forced to slaughter their cattle, and it is feared the result will be a great famine in 1894.

SEVEN CASES OF SUICIDE.

Hungarian People Driven Insane by Drinking Poisonous Wine Substitutes.

VIENNA, June 23.—An epidemic of suicides has broken out in Buda Pesth and other Hungarian towns. Seven cases of suicide were reported in Buda Pesth.

Cases of insanity are increasing in number and the lunatic asylums are full. This is attributed to the drinking of poisonous concoctions substituted for wines, which has become scarce through the ravages of the phylloxera.

Ignate Abeles, a Jewish recruit, committed suicide in Vienna on account of the ill-treatment to which he was subjected by petty officers. The authorities have ordered an inquiry into the affair.

SECOND BALLOTS IN GERMANY.

Result in Election of Centrist Reichert and Conservative Stroh.

BERLIN, June 26.—The second ballot to decide who should represent Offenburg, Baden, in the Reichstag, was held yesterday and resulted in the return of the Centrist candidate, Herr Maximillian Reichert, by a majority of 923 over Herr von Schauenberg, the candidate of the National Liberals.

The second ballot in Hannau, Hesse-Nassau, has resulted in the defeat of Editor Hoch, the Socialist Democratic candidate. The vote in this district stood: Burgomaster Stroh, Conservative, 12,736; Editor Hoch, 11,726; Conservative majority, 1,010.

Forest Fires in Michigan.

ISHPEMING, Mich., June 23.—The Bay de Noquette district, heavily timbered has been swept by a forest fire which has greatly injured pine and destroyed the buildings of settlers. Men and women were compelled to flee for their lives. The pine will be a total loss unless cut next winter. Forest fires are are burning fiercely in all directions. A heavy rain alone will prevent enormous losses.

Crime of a Brutal Father.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 21.—Frank Harney, a white man living near Carnesville, Ga., beat his 2-year-old girl to death yesterday. After he had whipped and beaten the child to death he mashed its head, broke its ribs and stuck his knife into its body repeatedly. Harney is now in jail at Carnesville, but some think Judge Lynch will pass sentence. Everybody is quiet, but the feelings of the community are very much aroused.

Volunteer Cavalry Reunion.

CHICAGO, June 23.—Survivors of the Ninth Illinois Volunteer Cavalry have decided to hold their eighth annual reunion in Chicago Sept. 12 and 13.

DEADLY CYCLONE IN KA

Twelve Persons Killed and Forty Injured at Williamstown.

WILLIAMSTOWN, Kan., June 24.—At 7 o'clock Wednesday evening a cyclone visited this place and killed twelve persons outright and injured forty. The dead are:

SAMUEL KINKAID.
MRS. CLARA KINKAID.
WALTER KINKAID, 10 years of age.
WILLIE KINKAID, 6 years old.
Two children of the Kinkaid family.
MRS. SADIE HUTCHINSON.
FRANK EVANS, carpenter, aged 43.
ELMER EVANS, farrier, aged 25.
WILLIAM STAWART, farm hand, employed by John Hutchinson.
TWO UNKNOWN.

The seriously injured are:
MRS. ROSIE GRAY.
MISS SALLIE EVANS.
NEALLY GOEPHART.
WALTER MCCRACKEN, a farm hand employed by the Goephart family.
WILLIAM GOEPHART.
CARRIE GOEPHART.
JAMES BAKER.

These will probably die. Only one farm house in the path of the storm was left. Farm animals were killed, fences destroyed and the bark even blown off fruit trees. The storm passed through a cemetery about a mile north and blew down many tombstones and even carried one of them out into the prairie three-quarters of a mile away. The body of Mrs. Kincaid was found in a cemetery, where it had been carried half a mile by the storm. All of the twelve bodies of the dead were recovered before 2 o'clock last night, excepting that of an infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Kincaid, which was picked up on the prarie by Dr. Levi Horner of Lawrence this morning. The bodies of the dead were badly mangled.

An historic landmark was destroyed by the cyclone. It was the old stone house on the bluffs of the Kaw River once owned and occupied by John Brown.

COWBOYS REACH WATERLOO.

John Berry the First to Register,—Horses in Good Condition.

WATERLOO, Iowa, June 26.—Agent Tatro of the Humane Society, Minneapolis; Harvey Weir, Chadron, Neb., manager of the cowboy race, and Maj. Burke of Chicago came in in advance of the riders. Berry, the leader, left Iowa Falls, forty-eight miles west of here, at 8:15 a. m. and reached Waterloo at 9:40. At 10:40 Gillespie and Stevens left Iowa Falls. Jones followed at 4 p. m. and Campbell, Smith and Albright are somewhere between Fort Dodge and Iowa Falls. Jones is looked upon as the probable winner. He has a fresh horse and has the advantage of forty to fifty pounds in weight over the others.

The riders left Chadron June 13 and have covered about 700 miles. They expect to reach Chicago Wednesday afternoon or Thursday morning. Their average daily ride has been about sixty-five miles. Of the ten starters all but two will complete the distance. Berry is riding under protest, registering by affidavit before a notary. He is protested because he made a map of the route.

Great interest is taken all along the route and last night a large crowd awaited the arrival of the riders. The agent of the Humane Society says he has so far had no cause for interfering with the race.

CYCLONE SWEEPS TWO TOWNS

Dallas, Ga., Struck with Much Damage Yesterday.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 26.—A cyclone swept miles across the counties above Atlanta yesterday afternoon.

Dallas, a small town on the East Tennessee & Virginia, twenty-five miles above Atlanta, was badly wrecked and the following buildings destroyed: Residences of S. Foster, J. W. Lawrence, Mrs. Hayden, J. B. Hunt, J. W. Connelly drug store, Owen's brick hotel.

Twenty houses were unroofed, but no lives lost. Crops were ruined over a large tract. As the storm approached Atlanta many became frightened and ran to cellars. Two hundred people collected under the new Forsyth Street bridge for safety.

The cloud split on the western edge of the city and passed to the north and south, unroofing small buildings and destroying telephone communication

Social Sensation at St. Paul.

ST. PAUL, Minn., June 26.—A social sensation was created here by the arrest of Charles M. Bunker, son of a former leading officer of the Minnesota National Guards, on the charge of embezzlement from the Standard Accident Insurance Company of Detroit, Mich. The arrest was made on a warrant secured by H. C. Keely, State Agent of the company. The specific charge in the complaint is that Bunker robbed the company of $375. Bunker is a young man of 21 and moves among St. Paul's 400. The total amount of his peculations will probably not be known for several days. He had been acting as city agent for the company.

REFUSED TO SEND TROOPS.

Governor Flower Says the Sheriff Can Preserve Order at Tonawanda.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., June 23.—Governor Flower has received telegrams from Tonawanda lumber firms demanding that troops be sent there at once to protect the men in unloading vessels. The claim is made that the village authorities and the sheriff are not strong enough to cope with the union men. The governor replied, refusing to call out the troops, saying the sheriff had ample power to preserve the peace, and that he can summon a posse of citizens and the militia in his and adjoining counties if necessary. The Governor wired the Sheriff that peace and good order must be maintained at any cost.

STEAMER IN FLAMES.

Vessel Reported on Fire on Lake Huron Seventy Miles from Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich., June 22.—A steamer is reported burning on Lake Huron off Lexington. The scene is seventy miles from Detroit.

Fire in a Michigan Factory.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., June 26.—Fire started in the molding room of the spring and axle works, of which Senator Stockbridge is the principal owner just before noon and gutted the rear end of the building, causing a loss of $10,000, fully insured. The fire was so sudden that many of the workmen lost their tools and clothes.

ALWAYS.

There is always a stitch to make,
And always a step to take;
There is always a link to find,
And always a *sheaf to bind*;
There is always a page to read,
And always a path to weed;
There is always a rift to mend,
Aye, and always a hue to blend.

There is always a weight of care,
And the cold, harsh blame to bear;
There is always a tear unshed,
And the gentle word unsaid;
There *is always the doubt, the fear,*
And always the scorn, the jeer;
These little things, oh, patient soul,
Make up life's grand, life's wondrous whole
—New Orleans Picayune.

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER VIII—CONTINUED.

She could not forget the kindly handsome face that had smiled upon her. She did not know why the bare recollection of it made her heart beat and her face flush; she did not know why she looked forward with such longing to going out again; why she was always wondering if she would see him, whether he really cared for Jane or Mabel. They, believing that he had seen her, talked of him more than ever. They talked of him as of a lover, as of one soon to belong to the family; they repeated to each other all the complimentary speeches he made; and sweet, simple Florence listened in wonder.

Could it be possible that he loved one of them? Did he know what they really were, or was he deceived? She could not think that any man, knowing them, could love them.

"Perhaps," she thought to herself, "it is only to me that they are unkind."

But then she remembered how all the servants detested them; how the old ones were all leaving in disgust, and the new ones sneered at every one. No, the fault must lie in themselves. The memory of a thousand mean actions rushed over her mind; the recollection of unkind and untruthful words, of unprovoked insult, of passionate recriminations, came over her, and she was compelled to own that if he married either of them he would be wretched for life. He looked so kind, so good, it was pitiful to see him deceived. He could never be happy.

Then she wondered if, often as he came there, she would ever see him again; would he speak to her—would he expect her to speak to him? She wove a thousand fancies over him, and always ended by lamenting that he would be made wretched for life.

Sir Leonard had not forgotten her; her sad, beautiful face haunted him. He was using every effort to find out where she lived. He had thought from seeing her in the woods that she must live at the Grange, but they had denied having any young lady visitors. He had not noticed her dress; nothing had struck him but the lovely face. He had never dreamed of looking for her among Mrs. Harcourt's dependents. She was not visiting at the Grange. She must be staying somewhere else, and Sir Leonard was suddenly seized with a mania for visiting his friends and neighbors; but go where he would he could find no trace of her; he asked continually, and people must have thought he had a mania on the subject of visitors.

Nowhere could he find again the lovely, pure, sorrowful face. He had not heard for many years of the child who was brought to the Grange, in common with all the neighborhood; he had heard the story at the time, though he was but a child himself; but he never even thought of it again. So now he spent days in fruitless research, and he began to think that he should never see the girl whom he had so ardently admired again. He was in despair, for it dawned upon him slowly that although he had only seen her once, he loved her with a love that could only end in death.

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Harcourt began to think it was necessary to bring matters to a crisis; here was Sir Leonard coming three or four times each week to the house, and no results; whether it was from his own backwardness, or because the girls were so stupid, she could not say; in any case, a little help would not be out of the way. She decided upon giving a ball; there was not really any reason why she should not; the time for mourning had expired; the neighbors had been very hospitable; there was no reason why they should not give a grand entertainment, and so repay the numerous hospitalities that had been shown them.

At a ball there were so many opportunities of making a proposal; there was something so very free and easy about it—no stiffness, no ceremony; the young people walked about and enjoyed themselves as much as they liked; there was no restraint such as prevailed in drawing-room intercourse.

She would give a ball, and then it was quite possible Sir Leonard might hurry himself a little; the girls should be superbly dressed; in fact, they should have every chance, and then if nothing came of it, why they must turn their attention elsewhere.

Nothing could exceed the delight of the young ladies—a ball in their own house seemed something too beautiful to be true. The most magnificent toilets were ordered for the occasion; nothing could exceed their good humor and patronage.

That good humor did not, however, extend to Florence; they were harder than ever with her. For this ball she must work almost day and night. Mrs. Harcourt advised them to engage some one to help the young girl, but the sisters had found out by this time that no one had the same exquisite and artistic taste as Florence. It was not in vain that the girl had received an artistic education; the pity of it was that all her talent and the exercise of it should be limited to dressing two girls who never could be made to look really nice.

The evening of the ball came, and the magnificent ball dresses, alike for both sisters, were laid ready. They were of white, glistening silk and costly lace, trimmed with green leaves.

Never had Florence suffered more than she did that night. Both sisters were terribly hard to please. They scolded, they were impatient, angry with her; they reproached her with stupidity, with want of taste, with every conceivable fault they could think of, yet feeling all the time as though no one else could have displayed one-half the elegance she had done. When the arduous duty of the toilet was accomplished they certainly looked better than any one had ever seen them look before.

"I wish Agatha Moore could see us now," said Mabel, complacently. "She would be astonished."

"Do you wish you were going to the ball?" asked Jane of Florence.

Her face flushed at the question.

"Would you like a dress like this, with real pearls? Would you like to dance in the midst of flowers and lights? Would you like gentlemen to admire you?"

"Yes, I should!" faltered Florence.

"Then you will not have it," laughed Miss Jane. "You should go to the ball in those thick shoes and that delectable winsey dress. You would make a picture.

She did not answer, but for one moment her heart grew warm with indignation. Was it fair that these girls should have everything and she have nothing? She was very young, and the bare notion of a dance filled her with delight; but then such amusements were not for her. She must not forget that she was an outcast, all unworthy of such pleasure as fell to the lot of other girls.

"Give me my fan," said Miss Jane. "I hope you have fastened these leaves securely on my dress. You had better remain in the ante-room here, with needle and thread; then, if any little accident happens, I can send at once for you."

Farewell to the only little gleam of enjoyment she had hoped for from the ball; she had thought how much she should like to see the gay dresses of the ladies; but now, while all the household were in the midst of gayety and excitement, she must sit up there in that lonely ante-room and see nothing of it. Obedient and resigned as usual, she took her place: the faint sound of the music came to her; she could hear in the distance the unusual commotion consequent on the number of visitors; then she sat down, content for once to do nothing but think. She was so utterly worn out by her hard work during the last four days that she fell into a deep, dreamless sleep. She was rudely aroused by a message brought to the effect that Miss Jane wanted her to bring a needle and thread immediately—she was waiting for her in the White room.

The White room, so called from time immemorial, was a pretty little room leading from the drawing-room. There Florence hastened, and she found Miss Jane in a towering rage.

The ball was a great success; the flowers, lights and music were all good; the guests were most of them young. Sir Leonard had, as Jane thought, shown himself especially attentive to her—he had asked her to waltz with him, and she was delighted; but at the very beginning of the dance, one of the beautiful sprays of leaves became unfastened and trailed upon the ground; it was impossible to continue. Jane made light of it and smiled, but the very bitterness of rage was in her heart.

"It can be quickly remedied," she said.

And Sir Leonard went with her to the White room. By her orders he sent a servant to summon Miss Jane's maid.

"We shall have time for the waltz," said Sir Leonard, "and I will return for you in five minutes."

"He would have proposed to me, I am sure," said the angry girl, to herself, "if we had waltzed together, and then have gone out into the conservatory; it is all the fault of that detestable girl!"

She looked so angry at Florence that the young girl was frightened at her.

"You have done this on purpose," she said, "you knew these sprays were not fastened; you shall suffer for it. Now then, be quick; I have not one moment to lose!"

But her anger had so embarrassed the poor girl that she was unable to sew with her accustomed quickness. She broke one leaf, and Miss Jane's anger rising to fury, she struck the fair face a sharp blow with her open hand.

"You are doing it on purpose!" she cried, "you stupid, idle, useless girl!"

In her passion and anger she did not see Sir Leonard standing at the door.

He never forgot the scene. The tall, angry, magnificently dressed woman, and the beautiful figure kneeling, in order to stitch more rapidly. He never forgot the blow on that fair, sad, sweet face, nor the angry tone of that voice that he had been accustomed to hearing sing sweet music. Not for a thousand worlds could he have spoken to Miss Jane just then.

He had found her; he had spent long days and weeks in searching for her, and she was the slave, the drudge of these proud, unfeeling girls. He even forgot his anger against Miss Jane in his desire to speak to Florence. He retreated unheard, and waited in the corridor until she came out. He saw her face wet with tears, and went up to her.

"I must see you," he said, "you must not refuse me. I have been looking for you many weeks, will you pray forgive my asking it? I know I cannot see you in the house; will you meet me in the grounds in ten minutes from now?"

She raised her sad eyes to his face, and read such infinite pity, such truth, such kindness there that she answered simply:

"Yes, I will."

He returned to the ball room and saw Miss Jane looking for him with wondering eyes. He was thankful to find the waltz ended. He did not go near her, or speak to her; he thought of the cruel hand and that sweet face, and hated her. He lingered in the ball room until the next dance began; he saw both the young ladies of the house engaged in it, and then he went out into the grounds.

"What is the matter with your face?" asked Mrs. Morgan, as she met the young girl on the stairs.

"Miss Jane was angry and struck me," was the quiet reply.

The housekeeper was indignant.

"Nay," she said "that shall not be. You may work and toil for them, but they shall not treat you so. You go to your room, my dear, and if they want you again I will take your place."

She smiled her thanks and went on.

"I don't like that quiet look in her face," said Mrs. Morgan: "that girl will do something desperate some of these days."

CHAPTER X.

Five minutes later, and Florence Latour stood out in the grounds of Weston Grange alone, shuddering with fear; her heart still beating at the recollection of that whisper from Sir Leonard, her face flushed with the violence of the blow given by the hand of Miss Jane, and a sense of indignity such treatment called forth. She walked on slowly; the music from the ball-room seemed to float over the trees and flowers; there was a faint light of stars in the sky; the wind was low and hushed. She stood for a few moments under the shade of a large sycamore tree, and then she heard the sounds of hurried footsteps. She looked timidly from the sheltering leaves, and saw Sir Leonard, evidently at a loss where to seek her. He heard some slight sound, and turning round saw her—fairer than even his fairest dream of her—waiting for him. One half moment and he was by her side.

"How am I to thank you?" he said. "I did not like to ask you to meet me here, but I had no other alternative. I have spent weeks in looking for you, and now that I have found you I must speak to you; you are not angry?"

She raised her eyes to his face, and their troubled depths touched him.

"Angry! why should I be? I did not know that you would remember me."

"Remember you!" he repeated, with a strange laugh; "how little you know, dear; Heaven! how little you know! Why, I have never forgotten you for one moment, night or day. Your face has haunted me as no other face ever will. I have dreamed of it all night, and thought of it all day. It has come between me and the blue heavens, between me and the fair green earth. Forgotten you! could Adam have forgotten Eve, do you think?"

"But I am not Eve," she said, with a smile.

"You are a thousand times fairer," he cried. "You are my Eve. I never pardon myself for having lost sight of you before I knew either your name or address. I have haunted my neighbors' houses hoping to find you; I have been everywhere where I thought it possible or probable that you might live; I have made all kinds of inquiries, but could discover nothing of you. I was almost in despair."

"Were you so very anxious to see me again?" she asked, softly, and with an expression of absolute wonder on her beautiful face.

"I was, indeed," he replied, earnestly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Timely Warning.

"My young friend," said the kind old man with the tracts, "will you oblige me by reading this some day when you have the leisure?"

The young man looked at the little pamphlet. It was entitled; "Shun the Place of Everlasting Burning!"

"Why, uncle," he said, "I should think it would be a healthy place. They boil water, don't they?"

"Yes, my dear young friend," rejoined the kind old man. "And they also burn garbage. You'd better keep away!"—Chicago Tribune.

Ancient Egyptian Cities.

M. Philip has discovered near the site of Heliopolis, in Egypt, the necropolis used by the Pharaohs, at least so says M. Grebout, until recently director of the museum of Ghizeh, and now professor at the Sorbonne. Heliopolis was as ancient as Memphis, and formed with it a twin city, with the Nile between. Memphis was the royal abode, Heliopolis the priestly capital.

Pursuing His Studies.

"I don't see your son about anywhere," said a traveling man to a merchant whom he had called on.

"Is he out of the city?"

"Yes."

"Pursuing his studies?"

"I think he is pursuing his studies but from what I can hear I don't think he has much chance of catching up to them."—Texas Siftings.

A Regular Constellation.

Billy Frontrow—Then you think you have a good company this season?

Enthusiastic Manager—A good company! Why, they're all stars, sir! Every lady in the cast is a celebrated divorcee and every man has won his prize fight.—Puck.

WORLD'S FAIR LETTER

A GLANCE AT THE CUSTOMS OF THE SAMOANS.

Objects of Interest Seen in the Samoan Village in Midway Plaisance—A Ship of War—A South Sea Palace—Interesting and Instructive.



CROSS THE ROADway from the Javanese village is a peculiar boat. In some respects it is the most singular craft ever seen here. It is the tamumalua or war canoe of Samoa. The boat, which has seen active service in the South Pacific, is 22 feet long and 3 feet of beam, and not a scrap of iron enters into its construction. It is made of lilili wood, a native timber of dark reddish hue, capable of taking a high polish. The boards are put together in a peculiar way. They are joined with fiber twine, and the work is so well done that there is no leakage. It requires twenty-two men to row the boat, and in addition to these it will hold thirty-three warriors.

To help the oarsmen a square sail, made of matting is used. It is held aloft by a mast, but thongs are fastened to the four corners and to the boat, and in this manner the pulling is done. The figure-head is the carving of a god in which the Samoans believed many years ago. It is the god of sea-going people and is represented as on the lookout for rocks and shoal water. The warriors are armed with bows and arrows and axes and the sides of the boat show the marks of numerous conflicts. The oars are remarkably heavy, long sweeps. Near the boat is the longo, a sort of bell. It is like a trough hollowed out of a log, about four feet long and set up on pegs. In the hollow are placed wooden mallets. When the natives want to call they pound on the hollow piece of wood, which gives out a ringing sound that can be heard a considerable distance. A light wood canoe is also shown. It is provided with outriggers and is like the improved racing machine of to-day.



BUILDING A SOUTH SEA ISLAND HUT.

In front of the entrance is erected a Samoan house. It is the property of Mataafa, the deposed ruler. It was brought from the little settlement of Malie, several miles from Apia, and is most wonderfully constructed. In shape it is circular. It is upright to the height of five feet and then slopes to a tent-like point thirty feet above the ground. It is made entirely of bread-fruit wood, the only wood that the white ants, which overrun the island, will not eat. A house built of any other material would be eaten up in a month by the pests. The uprights are made of pieces about four inches in diameter. At intervals of four feet a circle is made of the same material. The pieces of wood are all short and are jointed and bound together by thongs. The roofing is made of twigs and covered with thatch. The house was used by Mataafa and his father and is said to be very old.

The Samoans themselves are the oldest race of the south seas. They are tall, sturdy and very intelligent. They are catholics now, but about four centuries ago they held the Mohammedan belief. About the only practice of the settlement which has a tinge of barbarism is the native dance. It is Fijian in origin and is supposed to have been danced for a thousand years. It had its foundation in the stormy war times of the early times when warring on the different tribes who occupied the different islands was almost the sole occupation of the inhabitants. The dance is accompanied by a chant and chorus. The chant describes the different stages of a war expedition from the time it leaves home until the return, and at the end of each stage the warriors all join in the chorus. The music, if such it can be called, is peculiar. At times it is almost dreamlike. Again it resembles the wail of the Scottish highlanders' funeral song. There are moments when it is dignified and moments when it is wild, fierce, barbaric. The rowing of the boats, throwing the lances, rushing through the waves, the heat of battle and mourning for the dead are told in song and in pantomime and this pantomime is the dance. They have other dances of a much more cheerful nature, such as accompany a marriage, but they are of comparatively modern origin.

The home dress of these people is very scanty. It consists of nothing more than a wide strip of tapa cloth about the loins. Tapa is made by the natives and is a product of the bark of the mulberry tree. Strips of the bark 1½ inches thick, 2 feet long and 4 inches wide are stripped from the tree. These are taken to the river, where women and girls subject them to a crude process of tanning by soaking the bark in water. It is then placed in a mallil wood board and the surface scraped by a rough shell, leaving the inner bark. This leaves it a pulpy substance. The small strips are overlapped and the edges pounded together until a piece is made the required size. To color the cloth in designs a die is made of a half-oval board of pau wood, over which colors made of native barks and roots have been smeared. The prepared cloth is spread over this and the print is made. All kinds of designs are used and the drawing is very crude, but the printing is done with geometric accuracy, although the eye only is used.

The village is under the control of H. J. Moore of Apia, who is the confidante of Mataafa and who will in all probability be his prime minister if he returns to power at the next election. A theater is being built and performances will be given of historical pieces. The colony consists of 200 warriors and dancers of both sexes.

Cupid is beginning to make his presence known in the plaisance. Within a week a Samoan has fallen heels over head in love with a Norwegian girl in the beauty show, the priest in Cairo Street is languishing because an American cash-girl was sent away after he had given his heart to her, and a German had an experience he will not soon forget. His name is Carl Meinen, and in the land of his birth he is called herr baron. At present he is employed in serving beer and Frankfort sausages in a restaurant where he can hear the lions roar while going through their performance. A week ago he went to the Chinese theater. In the play a poor, downtrodden celestial, fleeing from unjust wrath, is about to end his life, when the beautiful daughter of the king saves him and weds him. It was at the first sight of this daughter that Cupid began to work. His aim was true. The server of sausages was smitten. His attention to the customers was redoubled, for tips were necessary. It costs 25 cents to see the beautiful daughter of the King. Carl saw every performance and his heart beat harder and harder. On Sunday he found out the name of his divinity. It was Wong Pang. To hang around the stage door was useless, for the Chinese lived in the building. Besides it was a waste of time, for tips had to be earned. The next best thing to do was to write a letter. He did it. It was an impassioned screed and told of the great love he had. The letter was delivered and the trembling Carl sat in front awaiting some sign. It came. Manager Sling touched him on the shoulder and told him to follow. Once in the coveted presence, Wong Pang informed the love-struck Teuton of an ability to "talkee English likee Melican man," to which Carl replied with a heart-crushing smile: "Das ist zehr gut."

Those were the last words he spoke in the theater. His divinity had been sitting, but rose, pulled off the wig of the beautiful daughter and let down a long cue. Wong Pang is a man, and because they don't have women on the stage in China he impersonates one. Carl served sausages the rest of the day in a very dejected manner, and gave one customer an attack of heart disease by declining a tip. His hope in life is gone.

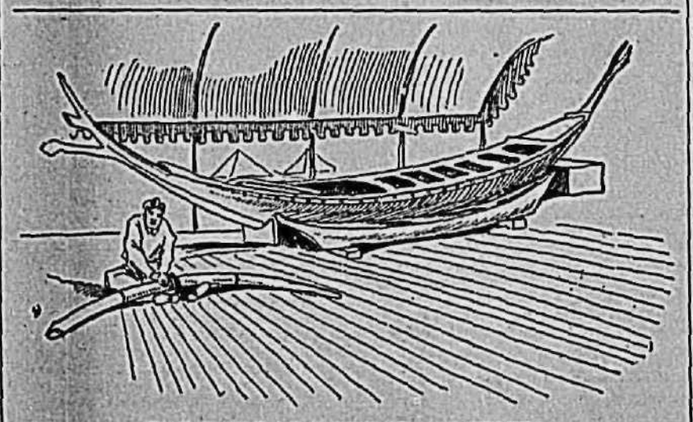
PROF. FRANK DOSSERT.

Something About the Great Musical Composer of New York.

Frank Dossert of New York city, whose solemn mass, dedicated to the Pope, was recently executed in the chapel of St. Peter's at Rome, is the first American composer whose work has been thus honored. The choir that rendered the work was organized and drilled by Dossert himself. Professor Noreschi, the finest male soprano in Rome, soloists from St. John Lateran's choir, all the best voices of the Sistine Chapel and of all the churches in Rome assisted in the rehearsals. The pitch of the mass being very high in the original, there was the difficulty to overcome of meeting the capacity of the Roman sopranos. This was done by transposing the mass one-half tone. The composer had to recopy all the parts for the singers because they read from the old clefs only instead of the modern style, as he had originally written them. Of the mass Verdi, who was among the distinguished auditors, hastened to congratulate the composer. Dossert was born in Buffalo, N. Y., of French parentage. His musical talents are inherited. His father was organist of the Buffalo Cathedral for twenty-six years, and his mother, a woman of exceptional musical attainments, was the possessor of a beautiful soprano voice. At the early age of 15 years he succeeded to the position of his father. His progress in the musical profession was so rapid as to attract the attention of musicians in the metropolis, and in 1883 he received the offer of the post of organist and director of St. Stephen's Church, which he accepted and still holds.



FRANK DOSSERT.



WAR CANOE OF SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS.

MEN possessing minds which are morose, solemn and inflexible enjoy, in general, a greater share of dignity than of happiness.—Bacon.

THERE is not a string attuned to mirth but has its chord of melancholy.—Hood.

ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN.

When we take a glance around the world it is hard to believe in the theory of the survival of the fittest.

A Mahanyunk baggage smasher arrested for throwing his wife out of bed, pleaded that he dreamed he was on duty.

A wonderful Liberty bell is to be cast soon at Troy, N. Y., containing among its souvenirs some wedding rings contributed by patriotic women.

Djevad Pasha, the grand vizier of Turkey, refuses to keep a harem. He has but one wife, who, ever since he married her, many years ago, has possessed his undivided affection.

Delaware has a curious collection of odd surnames. There is a family of Colts in Kent county; the Peppers and Mustards have long lived neighbors in Sussex, and there are Peaches in Newcastle county.

Japanese women are merry little creatures, with sparkling, laughing eyes. The best writings of the country are from their pens. The girls age rapidly, and soon lose their beauty, but never their vivacity.

A Parisian reporter has made the somewhat curious discovery that a large number of families in that city derive a comfortable income from supplying the medical students with snakes, salamanders, crickets, grasshoppers and bats.

A few weeks ago an English lady was obliged to pay $30 as damages for having given a good character to a servant whom she knew to be unfaithful. Her written recommendation enabled the servant to get a place, in which she proved unfaithful.

ODD BITS.

EVEN in Finland women have gone in quests of their rights, and with success, for they are now employed there as clerks, doctors, dentists, house builders, etc.

The old mint at Philadelphia is soon to become a thing of the past. It is probable that a new one will be built in Fairmount park near where the Centennial exposition was held.

In Wyoming territory is a mound of rock and earth standing alone in the middle of a plain, called Church butte. It is of most fantastic shape and looks in the distance like the ruins of some grand old cathedral.

In Queen's county, Ireland, in the center of a level tract of country, there stands a single rock a solitary grandeur. It is the rock of Dunamasse, covered from base to summit with the ruins of an ancient fortress.

Remarkable evidence of the safety of traveling on well managed railways is furnished by a report of the present Fall Brook railway system. In thirty years it has carried about 6,000,000 passengers. It was originally only fifty-three miles long, but has been gradually extended until its main line and branches are 250 miles in length. During the first ten years, when 1,000,000 passengers were carried, not one was killed or injured. In the next twenty years, when the passengers numbered over 5,000,000, no passengers were killed and only six injured.

WOOTEN marriages are very frequent upon the last day of the year. There are more marriages on that one day than on any other seven days put together.

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OUT ON TIME APRIL 2, 1891.

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SILVER LAKE CLIPPER
LAKE VILLA ADVOCATE
WADSWORTH BLACKBIRD
} J. J. BURKE, Pub.

— PUBLISHED WEEKLY —

From the Press of The Antioch News.

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☞ Subscribers who for any reason fail to receive their paper regularly should at once communicate the fact to this office, giving in addition to their name their P. O. address IN FULL.

NOTICE TO OUR ADVERTISERS.

As we wish to devote our entire time to news items, up to the hour of going to press on Wednesday, hereafter all changes required to be made on that day, in standing advertisements, in display type, will be charged for at the rate of 15 cents per double column inch, for the space occupied. Reading notices, 15 cents per single column inch. All other days changes are made free of cost. J. J. BURKE, Publisher.
Antioch, March 1st, 1893.

WHEN our representative men get to think more of their shrewdness than of their word, then farewell to the honesty of the rising generation.

WE are apt to speak lightly of puritans and sabbatarians as though they were names to be ashamed of. Religion has made this country what it is, and anything that tends to wean us from its path must, as surely as daylight follows dark, tend to lower the moral tone of the nation.

THE united pressure of the democratic Congressmen was more than Postmaster General Bissell could stand. He has annulled the rule requiring charges to be made against fourth class postmasters before removing them, and directed Mr. Maxwell to remove the republicans who have served four years or more just as fast as the Congressmen recommend their democratic successors, and now that gentleman's axe is flying at a double quick rate with prospects of continued increase in its speed for many months to come.

SENATOR DUBOIS, of Idaho, thinks somebody's going to be very much surprised at the votes upon the financial question at the coming extra session of Congress, which, by the way, will not be called to meet before September, notwithstanding positive statements to the contrary sent out from Washington within the last forty-eight hours. "The people at large," said the Senator, "understand this subject better than the bond holders and professional financiers at the great money centers think, and unless I mistake, you will see a practical demonstration of their views in the votes on financial questions in the coming Congress."

THE accidental sinking of the British man-of-war Victoria and the frightful loss of life accompanying it has raised the question does it pay to build big naval vessels. The Victoria was covered with 48-inch armor all over and was of 10,510 tons burden. Built less than six years ago she was certainly at the time of the accident in a good state of repair. She cost £724,855, yet the steel ram of the Camperdown crushed in her side like an egg shell. It would seem that our much talked of steel cruisers are not so formidable after all, when a single blow from a steel ram will send such monsters as the Victoria so quickly to the bottom of the ocean.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S health is said to be in a precarious condition. He continues to pile up flesh and there is danger of its interfering with the free action of his heart. He has tried various remedies and treatments to keep down the fat and he works harder than the average clerk, but it still increases. Walking is the best remedy he has found, but the effect of walking for any considerable length of time upon his breathing is said by those who have seen him in one of the blowing spells brought on by a long walk to be very bad, as well as exceedingly dangerous to a man of his physique with even a slight heart trouble. These things have been known to a few personal friends of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland for quite a while and lately they have been causing them much anxiety, although if a stranger asked one of them how Mr. Cleveland's health was the answer would be "tip top; never better," or something similar, as it seems to be understood among all the friends of the family that any fears they may entertain must be kept from the public.

Ignorant Critics and the Fair.

It is unfortunate for Chicago that so many malicious minded people are just now attracted to that city. It is again unfortunate for her that there are so many newspaper men in the East ready to publish all evil reports that they hear about the Fair without first taking the trouble to investigate the source of their origin. Some self appointed critic, whose chief stock in trade is his conceit and unreasoning ignorance, visits the Fair for a day or two and is then prepared, he thinks, to "write it up." The result is a scathing article in some eastern paper on the "defects" of the Exposition.

No one, be they ever so quick to grasp a true situation of affairs, can form an intelligent idea of what the Fair is or is not by a hurried glance at outward appearances. What at first sight may appear like outrageous incompetency on the part of the management may on nearer examination prove to be well directed effort. What can a person not in direct touch with the affairs of so gigantic an undertaking know about the management of a world's fair?

A visit of one or two days or even one or two weeks spent in sightseeing at the Fair is entirely too short a time in which to form anything like a correct idea of it. In justice to the people who have labored night and day to prepare this grand spectacle for your edification do not criticise it for defects that certainly do not exist at Jackson Park and can only be found to exist in the diseased imagination of some evil minded person. Visit the Fair, see the magnificent panorama spread there before your view and then return home and say a good word for it to your neighbors, for in justice you can say nothing else.

Waukegan Department.

IDA M. FENKELL, Manager.,
817 GRAND AVENUE,
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Miss Fenkell is authorized to receive Subscriptions, orders for advertising, or Job Printing, also to collect and receipt for same, until otherwise notified. J. J. BURKE, Pub.

COUNTY SEAT NEWS.

Waukegan will not celebrate at home July 4th.

Waukegan is dull but many other places are duller.

C. T. Heydecker has been out of town for a week.

Several Waukegan men attended the Derby races in Chicago Saturday.

Dr. Hope's house has been moved to Ash St. to make room for his new block.

Rev. Horace Partridge spoke at the meeting for men at the Y. M. C. A. rooms Sunday afternoon.

Ida Chief, owned by F. J. Dietmeyer, won the three-year-old race at Hebron Friday in a trot. Time 2:43.

The sand which is being pumped out of the slip connected with the harbor is being taken to Chicago on a scow for building purposes.

Prof. C. E. Collins will not return and take charge of the High School next fall. He will study law. He was well liked by his pupils.

Hotel Washburn and 140 feet frontage was recently sold to E. B. Wilson, a real estate dealer, of Chicago. The consideration was $27,500.

Prof. and Mrs. H. J. Barton, of Champaign, are guests of Mayor Partridge. Prof. Barton was principal of the Waukegan High school from 1878 to 1881.

High School Field Day was very much enjoyed at the Fair Grounds Wednesday afternoon. There was a large attendance. The program consisted of various kinds of games and races.

The new south well has been tested and proved satisfactory. The pump has a capacity of 500,000 gallons of water per day. Between 350 and 400 gallons a minute are being obtained.

Leroy Payne, the Chicago Palmer House liveryman who owns 170 acres of land north of Waukegan, assigned Friday. Mr. Payne's assets are said to be twice the amount of his liabilities but he needed money and could not borrow it.

The body of Peter Johnson was found Tuesday floating on the lake near this city. A party of four Waukegan men started for Chicago May 12th in a sail boat which sunk with them. Two days afterward the body of John Larson was taken from the mast of the boat. He had been dead several hours. The two other men are still missing.

The indications are that Spring Bluff property, located north of this city will soon boom, as Van Vlissinger, the owner of considerable property, is making good offers to manufacturers.

The graduating class of 93 numbering sixteen, fourteen of whom were girls, held their graduating exercises in the Baptist church Thursday evening and acquitted themselves admirably. The attendance was large and many people were unable to gain admittance. The floral decorations were beautiful.

The High School class of '93 held its reception at the residence of Senator Coon Friday evening. The residence and grounds were brilliantly illuminated. The number of invitations given was large and nearly all attended and were gracefully received by the class. Refreshments were served in the dining room, Mrs. J. M. G. Carter presiding, and the evening was pleasantly spent.

NEIGHBORING NOTES.

Pen Pictures of Passing Events Prepared by Our Correspondents.

LAKE VILLA.

Woodmen's picnic July 4.

E. T. Taylor, of Millburn, was a Monday caller.

Mrs. William White, of Millburn, was in town Tuesday.

Mr. Ernest Hess has placed a fine little steamer on Cedar Lake.

Miss Florence Frayer, of Waukesha, is visiting Miss Mary Shultis.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Hughes, of Millburn, visited in Lake Villa Thursday.

The roads around Lake Villa have been scraped until they are in prime condition.

Mrs. M. C. Cribb is visiting her brother Mr. H. P. Miller at Sand Lake.

Mrs. L. M. Hughes and daughter, of Waukegan, spent Saturday in Lake Villa.

Mrs. M. B. Warren and daughter, of Waukegan, are visiting friends in this vicinity.

World's Fair visitors from Lake Villa are so numerous that it is impossible to mention names.

A force of Italians has been stationed here for a week. They are repairing the railroad track.

Mrs. Herman Briggs and son, Master Harry, of New London, Wis. are visiting Miss Mary Allen.

Service Sunday, 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday School 12:00 M. Young People's Meeting 7:00 P. M.

The Lawn Social at Sand Lake Friday night was well attended, something over twenty-one dollars being gained.

M. B. Warren and Grant Slater, of Waukegan, are building an addition to the house on the West Side formerly owned by Mr. Warren.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Humphrey, Mrs. S. W. Bain and Mrs. Carrie White and son attended the Jamieson-Davis wedding at Libertyville, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Roberts and daughter, Miss Ella, and son, Master Kinter, of Johnstown, Pa., have been visiting their uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hughes.

It is probable that a side walk will be built from Mr. Hess' residence, to Mr. W. T. Kerr's. This will afford great convenience to people living on the West Side, and will be a great improvement to our little town if carried out.

Gray's Lake.

Times lively here.

Strolling musicians in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Simms *nee* Doolittle, have been visiting the family of L. A. Burge.

Fresh groceries at Battershall's. Also a fine line of summer dress goods. Give them a call.

Mrs. C. H. Washburn, who has been visiting her sister Mrs. John Daily of Downers Grove, Ill., returned last Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Wilbur, Misses Helen and Susie Whitehead and Mrs. Branstetter visited the Fair Saturday, returning on the midnight express.

Thomson Bros. are hustlers. Their sales beat anything in the hardware line, as well as farm machinery, that has ever been known in this place.

Miss Amy Morse has taken charge of the Post Office. If she attends to the business as promptly as her predecessor, J. S. Murrie, the public will be satisfied.

GRASS LAKE.

There will be a sail boat race on Fox Lake Saturday, June 24th.

Mrs. C. B. Little and daughter Nettie are taking in the sights at the World's Fair this week.

A. A. Putnam and family, having spent most of the week at their cottage returned to the city Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Borden, accompanied by their mother, are spending the season at their cottage here.

As the glorious 4th approaches summer guests become more numerous. The various houses here were quite well patronized over Sunday.

Jas. Gardinier and son spent Sunday at their summer home here. The son was accompanied by several friends who rode out on their bicycles.

Mr. M. Burke's little boy Bennie had the misfortune to break his arm last week. At present he is getting along as well as could be expected.

The steamer Alice made a trip to McHenry recently. This trim little boat may be chartered by the day by applying at the Ramaker Hotel. She is neatly fitted up and is in charge of a competent engineer.

WHEATLAND, WIS.

The building boom goes on unabated here in our little burg.

Peterson & Walsh find ready sale for their Dakota cows here.

Born,—Sunday, June 18, 1893, to Mr. and Mrs. Will Kleusmeyer, a son.

Everyone contemplates attending the ball at New Munster on the 4th.

Those who love the beautiful white pond lillies will soon be able to find them in great numbers on the Fox river by Bundy's bridge.

Miss Theresa Murphey closed a very successful term of school here Friday last with rhetorical exercises. Every one enjoyed the school picnic on Saturday.

Wonder where the correspondent for Wheatland is? It may be that he is attending to business of more importance than keeping his neighbors posted on the current events of Wheatland.

FINIS.

Additional Local.

O. W. Chandler, of Burlington, Wis., was in our village Wednesday.

A large crowd attended the concert at the Opera House Tuesday evening and listened to an excellent programme under the management of Miss Carrie Chard, of Grays Lake assisted by talent from the surrounding country. Every piece on the program was well rendered and elicited loud applause.

The people of Libertyville are making big preparations to celebrate the 4th of July in a manner befitting the day. Congressman Wm. E. Mason will deliver the oration of the day. It is expected that the Chicago Hussars will give an exhibition drill, a feature that is alone worth going a long distance to see. Games of all kinds, good singing and the best of music will help form a program of more than ordinary interest. Everything possible will be done by the people of Libertyville to make the day pleasant to all. Turn out and celebrate.

4th of July.

A grand ball will be given by the Silver Lake Resort Club at Schenning's new dancing hall. Music by the old and reliable Wilson Band, with uncle Bob for prompter. Horses and baggage taken care of free of charge. No pains will be spared to make it pleasant for all. Fire works in the evening.

By order of Club.

Pay Up Notice.

The firm heretofore known as Sibley Bros. having dissolved partnership, all persons indebted to said firm are requested to call and settle at once. The Antioch market will be conducted by Charles Sibley, to whom all bills should be paid and who is authorized to receipt for same.

Very Truly Yours,
Charles Sibley,
John E. Sibley.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

The M. W. A. camp of Lake Villa will give a grand celebration at that place Tuesday July 4th, 1893. No pains will be spared to make this the most successful celebration ever held in this section. Good music, singing and speaking and the many sports and pastimes appropriate to the day will be furnished, A cordial invitation is extended to all. Turn out and enjoy yourself to the fullest extent for one day in the year at least. Good accommodations will be provided for all.

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The 117 Anniversary of the Nation's Birthday, Celebrated in a manner never before attempted in Lake County,

AT LUX'S PARK, WADSWORTH.

The oration, "The Day we Celebrate," will be delivered by the eminent Jurist the

HON. THOMAS MORAN,

Late Judge Superior Court, Chicago,

A Large Platform covered entirely with branches and lighted at night by Chinese Lanterns will be erected in the Sylvan shade for all who wish to trip the light fantastic toe. Ravishing dance music.

MUSIC BY THE CELEBRATED RUSSEL CORNET BAND.

A Grand Calathumpian Parade in Glitter and Gold will be seen.

RACES.
Valuable Prizes offered by the management for Pacers and Trotters. Enterance Fee $1.

AMUSEMENTS!
Among other Amusements there will be Wheelbarrow Races, Sack Races, Fat and Lean Men's Races, The Comical Game of Goose, Chasing the Greased Pig, Knock the Babies Down etc. etc.

TWO GRAND BALLOON ASCENSIONS IN THE AFTERNOON.

A Brilliant Display of Fireworks given in the evening.

REFRESHMENTS SERVED AT MODERATE COST.

No Intoxicating drinks allowed on the Grounds.

Come to Wadsworth on the 4th, and bring your sister or some other fellows sister and help make the Eagle scream on the Birthday of the Nation.

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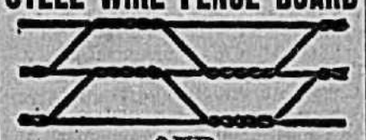
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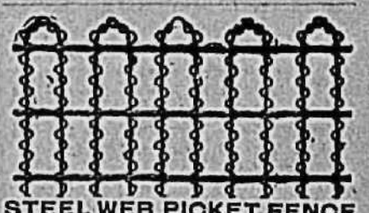
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Waterproof Paints
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HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF TIME,
Wear well, Look well, Don't fade, ARE GUARANTEED And are not dear.
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STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.
Manufactured Only by
DE KALB FENCE CO., - De Kalb, Ill.
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STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE
18 to 60 inches high; pickets 2¾ and cables 6½ inches apart. Best yard and lawn fence made. Sold by the hardware trade. Write for circulars.
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HERE TO STAY.
L. M. HAYNES,
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,
Has decided to remain in Antioch during this season and attend to anything in the BUILDING LINE
PROMPTLY AND IN A WORK-MAN-LIKE MANNER.
All I ask is an opportunity to figure on your work before you let your Contract, and will guarantee satisfaction in every particular.
L. M. HAYNES, - - ANTIOCH, ILL.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

One Hundred Years Old Sep. 18.

Arrangements are now being perfected here to commemorate the founding, a hundred years ago, of the American Capitol, of which President George Washington laid the corner stone on September 18, 1793, and some facts in connection with the great building will be of general interest. The old portion of the Capitol, completed in 1827, cost $2,422,844. The whole building up to date cost $14,455,000 including the terraces, which were built at an outlay of $800,000. Counting in the art works within it, but leaving out of the calculation the furniture and also the grading and improvement of the grounds, the Capitol has cost in all about $16,600,000. The paintings and statues alone have cost nearly $1,500.000. Persico's sculptured figures on the central buttresses of the east front, representing "The Discovery of America" and "Civilization," cost $24,000 each. His colossal Carraras behind these, representing War and Peace, cost $12,000 each. Roger's famous bronze door at the main entrance, east front, cost $28,000. Crawford's bronze door at the east entrance cost $57,000, and his statue of Freedom, surmounting the dome, $24,000. Brumidi's elaborate fresco, representing "The Apotheosis of Washington," covering the canopy of the rotunda, cost $50.000. Trumbull's four historical panel paintings at the sides of the rotunda cost $32,000, together, while the four other panels, painted by Vanderlyn, Powell, Chapman and Wier, cost $10,000 each. Franzoni's clock at the north entrance of statuary hall, cost $16,000. Lentze's "Westward Ho," facing the west stairway to the House gallery cost $20,000.

The Capitol has four stories—cellar, basement, principal floor and attic. There are 97 rooms in the basement, 50 on the upper floor and 43 in the attic, making 190 in all, besides an innumerable lot of mysterious crypts, alcoves, secret passages and hidden stairways, particularly in the sub-basement. In this respect the Capitol rivals the Tower of London. The new marble terraces contain 124 rooms, 24 of which are used by committees and the remainder for storage purposes. The seating capacity of the House of Representatives is 400 on the floor and 1,000 in the gallery; that of the Senate, 200 on the floor and 800 in the gallery. Each hall will, however, "on a pinch," accommodate over 2,000 spectators. The Capitol is 751 feet in length and varies from 50 to 324 feet in width, covering over four acres. The old portion is 352 feet in length and 121 in width.

Pathetic Scenes at the Capitol.

There is a considerable element of tragedy in the office-seeking business. This remark is particularly applicable at this time, but it is scarcely less so at all times. One of the saddest sights to look upon in Washington is to be seen in Statuary Hall at the Capitol during sessions of Congress. Here women in all stages of need sit day after day, sending in their cards to members of the House whose influence they are anxious to obtain. The doorkeepers come back with statements, often false, to the effect that the Representative is "not present to-day" or "out of his seat." Some Congressmen send word to "come to-morrow," merely for the purpose of putting off the visitors, who, perhaps lacking even car fare, trudge wearily home to their boarding places, to return again and again in pursuit of their hopeless quest. In the public reception room of the Senate similar scenes are enacted, but the Senators usually treat the women better. They tell them frankly whether they can or can not get places for them, instead of keeping them in fruitless suspense.

A Shrewd Politician.

An amusing instance is furnished by a recent appointment to office here. The lucky man in question came here last fall and the object of his coming was to secure a berth under the Harrison administration. He had been in the city but three weeks when the blow fell and triumphant Democracy owned the country and the offices thereof. It was a long way home and railway fare is high, but this man was not disheartened. He took a room in the suburbs, lived cheaply and transferred his affections to the on-coming Democrats and Clevelanders. Patience is a great thing and virtue is its own reward. He now has a paying place in the government service which he will fill for four years. If at the end of that time the wheel of fortune has turned and Republicanism is once more on top, he will doubtless paint his ardent partisanship of last fall and endeavor to maintain his grip.

CAMP LAKE, WIS.

Mr. Geo. Bruel spent Sunday with friends here.

Miss Maggie Gallagher is able to be out again.

Mr. Lev Rinear gave Camp Lake a call Sunday.

Mr. Henry Edson and family are visiting relatives here.

The Ladies Aid Society met with Mrs. H. Yaw Friday of last week.

Mrs. Henry Yaw and daughter Nettie are visiting relatives in Lake Zurich.

Quite a few of our young people attended the dance at the Columbia Hall Thursday evening.

The schools taught by Misses Flora Orvis, Gertrude Booth, Ruth VanWie and Mr. J. K. Orvis held a picnic in Brown's woods at Camp Lake Friday afternoon.

SALEM, WIS.

The past few days have been "corn days."

P. Gallagher returned to Waukesha Saturday.

Miss Kittie McGinty called on friends here Friday.

Hetta Yaw and Fannie Cooper attended the picnic Saturday.

Miss Maggie Gallagher has nearly recovered from her recent severe illness.

Summer boarders are more numerous than they were a few weeks ago.

Trevor's young people and even the dogs took in the Silver Lake dance.

Wm. Welton, a former Kenosha county teacher called on some of his friends here Friday.

The following schools were represented at the picnic Friday: Trevor, Camp Lake and Salem.

Camp Lake's base ball nine does not make very rapid progress up fame's ladder, notwithstanding the fact that some of the ladies are experts in pitching curves.

One hundred eleven couple attended the dance in Columbia Hall at Silver Lake Thursday evening. Don't forget the grand ball the fourth. It will be held in the same hall. Music will be furnished by Ray and Williams' Orchestra.

THINKS CHOLERA WONT COME.

Surgeon-General Wyman Believes the United States in Little Danger.

WASHINGTON, D. C. June 25.—Surgeon-General Wyman of the marine-hospital service, referring to the outlook for cholera in the United States during the present summer, said: "We have an even chance of escaping the cholera altogether this year. Should it arrive it will certainly not become epidemic. It's non-appearance thus far proves that no germs have lived over the winter in this country, as it was feared might happen. The prospect now is much better than I expected it would be at this time. However, it should not be forgotten that the disease didn't reach the United States last year until August. There is plenty of time for trouble yet."

If cholera should get a foothold in this country Dr. Wyman thinks that it would be quickly stamped out.

French Guards May Come.

PARIS, June 23.—It is probable that the famous band of the republican guards will be allowed to visit the Exposition at Chicago. Gen. Loizillon French secretary of war has the matter under consideration and seems likely to approve of the projected journey.

THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

Looking After the Alum and Ammonia Baking Powders.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A bill for an act entitled "An Act to Regulate the Traffic in Baking Powder," has been introduced in the Legislature at Springfield, by Mr. Nohe. The bill is intended to prevent the adulterations of baking powders with Ammonia or Alum, imposing proper penalties to enforce the law, etc. This shows an earnest desire on the part of our representatives to protect their constituents.

The Chicago Tribune, referring to the question of legislation on Alum and Ammonia baking powders says: "It deals in a direct manner with an evil that must be cut down."

"Following is a partial list of the names of the brands sold in this State that have been examined and found to contain either Ammonia or Alum. Many of the Alum and Ammonia powders are labeled and advertised as absolutely pure to mislead the public.

"Calumet," "Forest City," "Chicago Yeast," "Grant's Bon Bon" "Hotel," "Taylor's One Spoon," "Unrivaled," "Snow Puff," "Snow Ball," "Zipp's Crystal," "Climax," "Monarch," "Western Prince," "Town Talk," "Crown," "Van Zandt's," "Milk," "Giant."

In addition to the above list there is a multitude of brands sold with a prize. It is safe to reject all baking powders sold with a prize, as the tests show they are composed largely of alum and cost but a few cents per pound. Also refuse any baking powder sold at twenty-five cents a pound or less; it is sure to contain Alum.

Surely nothing but their cheapness could induce the public to experiment with these impure powders at the risk of health. Aside from the question of health or the wholesomeness of these condemned powders, and viewed from the standpoint of economy alone, a pure cream of tartar baking powder like "Dr. Price's" from its greater known strength and unquestioned purity, will prove more economical to the user in every way.

School Entertainment at Avon Center.

After a very successful term Miss Tina Walsh closed her school here Friday June 23. The children presented their teacher with a gold ring as a token of remembrance. It is needless for us to say that Miss Walsh is one of the best teachers in the county. We are in hopes the directors will secure her services for the ensuing year. The children gave an entertainment in the evening which was very largely attended. The school room was filled to overflowing and buggies were drawn to the windows so that the anxious crowd without could hear the little tots deliver their orations. All were heartily cheered by the audience and many were heard to repeat: "This is the best exhibition I have ever attended." A young gentleman (we are sorry we do not know his name) delivered several selections in oratorical style. They were very good and we hope we may have an opportunity of hearing him again. Not knowing the children's names I am unable to speak of each seperately, but it would be difficult to say who spoke best, all did so well. ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

School Report.

For month ending June 24, 1893.

LOWER ROOM.

Present each day:
Lizzie Ames, Susie Morley, Nellie Gray, Oliver Cubbon, Bennie Emmons, Arthur Undlock.

Absent one day or less:
Lena Peterson, Gertie Smart, Ada Butrick, Olga Manthey, Fannie Denick, Mabel Turner, Lola Smith, Eva Gray, Lillie Hancock, Mattie O'Neill, Johnnie Turner, Geo. Olcott, Lena Drury, Lottie Barthel, Willie Barthel, Olive Tiffany.

Enrollment, spring term, 51.
Average attendance for term, 42.

Maude Wood, Teacher.

UPPER ROOM.

Present each day:
Eugene Runyard, Blanche Haynes.

Absent one day or less:
Walter Taylor, Lillie Turner.

Average attendance, spring term, 27.
Total number enrolled for year, 103.
Average attendance for year, 58.
Number of days taught, 190.

J. M. Wood, Teacher.

PAY UP NOTICE.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm of Brogan & Gray on account are requested to call and settle the same at their earliest convenience. Owing to the change in firm it is necessary that all our accounts be closed up at once. Very Resp.

BROGAN & GRAY.

THE POETS OF THE DAY.

The Briton drops his 'h's,'
Which havoc with him plays;
But 'twould improve the Norsemans
If he could drop his 'j's.'

—*Puck.*

One on Him.

He said she was so lovely that
If she went to the Fair
No one would look at other things
While she was staying there.

Whereon upon his flattery
The maiden straightway sat
And said if he went out there too
They'd rent him for a flat.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

Life is full o' beauty—
Lots o' love an' bliss,
Kinder mixed with duty—
Sweeter, too, for this!
Has a little painin'—
But we worry through;
Mostly when it's rainin',
Sun's a-shinin too!
Rain's a blessin' flowin'
From the thoughtful skies;
Keeps the crops a-growin'—
Makes the roses rise!
Live your life an' labor,
An' you'll find each day
Heaven your nearest neighbor—
Love your peace an' pay!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

Miscellaneous Wants.

Advertisements under this head, 5 cents per line each insertion. Ordinarily, 7 words make a line.

FOUND, on the road between Channel Lake and Antioch, a mink boa. Owner can learn of its whereabouts by calling at this office and paying for this notice. 6-29.

Well Digging.

Having a complete outfit for well digging and cleaning I am prepared to do anything in that line promptly and at reasonable rates. Pitt Judd, Antioch. 7-21

Hunters' Home and Summer Resort,

GRASS LAKE, LAKE CO., ILL.

Very pleasant rooms and good board for families during the Summer. Good boating Hunting and Fishing. For terms address: M. M. BURKE, Prop., Grass Lake, Ills.

House and Garden for Rent.

FOR RENT:—A new house, large enough for two small families, with barn and small fruit garden, within 1¼ miles of Antioch depot and near a lake. Will rent for the summer. Address C. P. Hook, Antioch, Ill.

Pasture for Rent.

Parties wishing to secure pasture for their stock during the summer call on or address Wm. Ramaker or C. B. Little, Grass Lake, Ill.

TO RENT—A building in a good locality, suitable for a store and a meat market with suite of living rooms attached. Enquire at this office.

Sewing Machine for Sale.

FOR SALE:—A new sewing machine, cheap, as the owner has no use for it. Enquire of Wm. Burke, Antioch, Ills.

House and Lot For Sale.

FOR SALE:—A nine room house, built about four years, with good cellar, cistern and out buildings, in a good location in Antioch village. J. J. BURKE, Real-estate and Loans, Antioch, Ills.

Lake Property for Sale.

FOR SALE: A choice tract of two acres, heavily timbered. Within two miles of depot. Over 300 feet of fine lake front, good shore, suitable for hotel or club house. Price reasonable. Address THE NEWS, Antioch, Ills.

Stamping done on Short Notice.

Leave your orders for stamping with Jennie Thorne, at C. O. Foltz & Co.'s store. She has a complete outfit and all the latest designs.

Stamping Done Reasonable.

Farm For Sale.

FOR SALE: A Farm of 40 acres in the town of Salem, between Antioch and Wilmot. $825 will buy it. A bargain for some one. For particulars call on or address, J. J. BURKE, Real-estate and Loans, Antioch, Ills.

Wanted.

Agents to sell our choice and hardy Nursery stock. We have many new special varieties, both in fruits and ornamentals to offer, which are controlled only by us. We pay commission or salary. Write us at once for terms and secure choice of territory.

MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

For Sale.

A fine location on Fox River for summer residence. 30 acres for sale low on easy terms, 5 miles from a depot. Enquire at NEWS office.

For Sale, Lake Front.

Suitable for a summer resort hotel or a colony of lake families. The finest in Lake County. Heavily timbered, fine bank, gravel lake bottom and shore, 2 miles from Antioch depot, on long time and very low price. Enquire at NEWS office.

Village Lots For Sale,

Long Time, Monthly Payments.

R. JOHONNOTT,

ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

SALESMEN WANTED. SALARY and EXPENSES paid, or COMMISSION, as preferred. Situations permanent. Fine outfit free. Full line stock. Prices low. Both local and traveling agents wanted. Apply at once, giving age and reference. Mention this paper. A. D. PRATT, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

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With a full line of

SUMMER MILLINERY

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MRS. F. L. BOUTWELL,

LAKE VILLA, ILLINOIS.

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AND CIVIL ENGINEER.

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EDSON BROTHERS, Equitable Building, 1003 F St., Washington, D. C.

Send three stamps for postage on handsome illustrated booklet, "Inventive Progress," publisher's price 25 cents, and our quarto-centennial pamphlet for inventors, manufacturers and patentees.

(Mention this paper.)

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Cataracts, scars or films can be absorbed and paralyzed nerves restored, without the knife or risk. Diseased eyes or lids can be cured by our home treatment. We prove it. Hundreds convinced. Our illustrated pamphlet, "Home Treatment for Eyes," free. Don't miss it. Everybody wants it. "THE EYE," Olean Falls, N. Y.

Official.

It is our earnest desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Lines to Milwaukee, Chicago and all points East and South. Two fast trains leave St. Paul Minneapolis and Duluth daily, equipped with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of the latest design. Its Dining Car Service is unsurpassed, which accounts to a great degree, for the popularity of this line. The Wisconsin Central Lines, in connection with Northern Pacific R. R., is the only line from Pacific Coast points, over which both Pullmen Vestibuled, first-class, and Pullman Tourist Cars are operated via St. Paul without change to Chicago.

Pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon application to your nearest ticket agent, or JAS. C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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A BUGGY, CUTTER, THREE SPRING OR LUMBER WAGON, OR OTHER VEHICLE,

Cheaper than you can get them at any other place, also second-hand Buggies fitted up nearly as good as new, for sale, at low figures.

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If you think this all a humbug, give us a trial and we will try and convince you that it is to your interest to patronize us.

H. R. Lavey.

BRISTOL, Oct. 15, 1891.

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AMALGUM FILLING 50 CENTS.
GOLD CROWNS, $ 5,00.

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Geo. R. Olcott,

ANTIOCH, - - - ILLINOIS

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Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

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Ripans Tabules contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief. Price—Box (6 vials), 75 cents; Package (4 boxes), $1. May be ordered through nearest druggist, or by mail. Sample free by mail. Address

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10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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With many years practical experience in the management of Dairy Cows I am at all times prepared to furnish Cows to any who may need them, either on time or for Cash. As I give considerable of my time to this line, together with a competent man in the West, I can furnish you Cows at any time.

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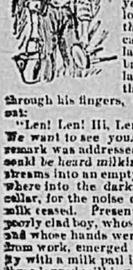
IN THEIR SEASON.

J. B. STORY & SON,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS



Len's Heroism.

A Fourth of July Story.



JUST AT TWILIGHT on the evening of the second of July five farmers' sons, from fourteen to sixteen years of age, stood looking over a gate that opened into a cattle yard near a large, old-fashioned barn in a New England town. One of them whistled through his fingers, and then called out:

"Len! Len! Hi, Len! Come out here We want to see you." Evidently the remark was addressed to some one who could be heard milking the first noisy streams into an empty pail, back somewhere into the dark, half-open barn cellar, for the noise of the streaming milk ceased. Presently a rather tall, poorly clad boy, whose face was tanned and whose hands were dark and hard from work, emerged from the obscurity with a milk pail in one hand and a three-legged milking stool in the other.

"Hullo, boys," he said, with a droll laugh which had a pleasant intonation.

"Say, Len!" cried one of the boys, Horace Atkins, outside the gate, "we're going to play against the Longcroft nine on the Fourth; and we've got to beat these fills time, sure. They beat us last fall, you know. We've challenged them to play down at the village in the afternoon. There'll be a big crowd there, for they are going to have a celebration. So we must get all our Thornhill boys out, and you must go to pitch for us."

"I'd like to go, Horace," said Len, slowly. "But I'm not in practice. I haven't played since last fall."

"Oh, we know you, Len," exclaimed Ned Corliss, another of the boys. "Not one of our fellows can pitch like you."

"Besides," continued Len, seeming not to hear the compliment paid him, "I haven't asked *him* yet. I don't much think he'll let me go. He's been gone lately a good deal, and the hoeing's got behind."

"Let it stay behind!" cried another of the boys, indignantly. "He never lets you have a *day for anything!*"

Len laughed, a little bitterly this time.

"He's a regular old tyrant, Len," exclaimed John Remsnick, a third boy of the row outside the gate. "If my father drove me as he does you, I'd run away. He isn't your father, either."

"I know he isn't my own father," replied Len; "but I guess he would treat his own boy 'bout the same if he had any."

"But what makes you stand it?" asked John. "I wouldn't. You can get good places enough where the folks'll use you well."

"He is pretty hard on me; but you



ROEING WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT.

know he took me in when I was a little fellow, he and Aunt Mary," said Len, somewhat reluctantly. "I've got to think of that, you know."

"What if he did? That's no reason why he should drive you night and day, and never let you go anywhere," said Horace. "You've a right to the Fourth of July, anyway. Every boy has. He's no business to work you on Independence Day."

"That's so, Len!" cried Ned Corliss. "Nobody will blame you if you start straight off that morning."

"Well, I'll ask him," said Len, with another of his short, low laughs. "But I must milk!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I've got five cows to milk, and it's after seven o'clock.

Len hurried back to his milking, and the boys went away.

"We've got to have Len, or the Longcrofts will beat us, sure," said Ned Corliss.

"Well, I'll bet he won't get off," said Horace.

A few rods along the road they met a thick-set, middle-aged man, sitting erect in his wagon, driving home toward the farm. In passing he gave the boys a keen look in the dusk. The boys knew him. He was Horatio Burbank—the "he" of whom Len and they had been talking.

"I wish Len would run away from him," growled Ned, after he had passed them.

"But Len won't," said Horace. "He hasn't got spunk enough.

Len was milking when Burbank returned and put up his horses; and when he brought in the milk his uncle asked him, shortly, how the work had gone on for the day.

"We didn't get the potatoes all hoed," replied the boy, reluctantly.

"Why, I thought you would finish that piece to-day," cried Burbank, impatiently.

"We worked pretty hard," replied Len. "But that field is *witchgrassy*, you know, and we couldn't finish it by thirteen rows."

"Humph!" exclaimed his uncle, much dissatisfied. "We must cultivate and hoe the sweet corn to-morrow," he added. "The potatoes will have to go till next day."

"The next day is the Fourth," Len ventured to mention. "The hired men will be off that day—and—and—" he hesitated a little, "the Thornhill boys are going to play baseball against the Longcroft nine in the afternoon, at the village. They want me to go."

"Baseball! Hoh! Why, Len, I don't see how you can think of goin' off with all our work so behind! I'm goin' to work, myself, all day."

"I know it's behind," said Len. "But the boys think they'll get beaten if I don't pitch for 'em; so they're kind of urging me strong to go."

"But what's baseball, Len, beside necessary work like ourn? That's all such boys think. Them's the boys I met out here, I s'pose," he continued. "Here teasing you off! I'd like to put my hoss-whip on 'em."

The next evening the boys came around again, to learn whether Len could go.

"He has given me another stint, and a good big one," said Len, with his odd, low laugh.

"Let's go see it!" cried Ned Corliss.

They went across the field, and the boys hastily looked the stint over.

"Two days' work!" exclaimed Horace. "That uncle of yours—well, no matter what! Of course you can't go—unless," he added, "unless we raise a crew and help you do it."

"And that's just what we had better do!" said Ned. "For we must have Len."

Soon after six o'clock on Fourth of July morning there were eleven boys in Selectman Burbank's potato field, hoeing with all their might. They had finished a row apiece, and had all turned to upon the remaining two rows when Burbank appeared.

"He's coming out to forbid your goin'," muttered Ned.

"I guess not," said Len.

"If he does, let's mob him."

But Burbank had only come to say to Len that he must try to "string" a late-planted acre of sweet corn with twine, to keep off the crows, before he went away. "I'll put the ball of twine down here at the end of this row," he said, as he turned back.

The boys groaned after him.

"Well, it will only take us a few minutes," said Len.

But as they came near the ends of the rows, Horace Atkins picked up the twine ball, unobserved, and put it in his pocket. So Len could not find the twine, and after searching awhile he set off with the other boys, who impatiently hurried him away to collect their baseball outfit.

On their way to the village Horace slipped the ball of twine into Len's pocket, where he presently found it. He suspected that a trick had been played, but said nothing. He had never disobeyed an express command of his uncle. But it was too late to turn back.

The ball-ground was half a mile out of the village, near the river, a little way from the bend above the falls which furnish the water-power for the factories.

When Mr. Burbank found that Len had *gone off* with the boys without stringing the corn, he was angry; and grew more angry as he worked, alone, that day. It seemed to him to be downright rebellion to his authority. So about the middle of the afternoon he drove to the village with the intention of fetching Len back home to finish the stint.

But, meanwhile an event had occurred.

The ball game was over. Len had pitched a good game for the Thornhill *nine*. The score stood: Thornhill eighteen, Longcroft thirteen. The attention of the crowd was termed to a "tub race" on the river above the "boom," as the *long* line of logs attached end to end and extending across the channel above the *falls* is termed.

Besides the contestants in their tubs, there were boats on the water above the boom. Among them was a bateau in which one of the young lady school teachers of the village was taking a row with seven or eight of her girl pupils and two lads, aged ten and thirteen years. The older of the two lads was the oarsman.

While they sat watching the race the bateau drifted against the boom. The boy with the oars attempted to push off. The old rope with which *the ends of the logs* were fastened parted under the strain, and the boom opened. The *boy*, who was leaning over the side of the boat as he pushed, fell overboard.

There was an outcry on board the bateau and from the crowd; but the boy was a swimmer, and by a few hasty strokes reached the boom logs, where he supported himself.

Meantime the bateau drifted through the gap in the boom, and before any one took heed of the danger, was floating down toward the quicker water above the falls, which were only fifty or *sixty rods below*.

Then, indeed, a sudden shouting and tumult arose.

Some of the people called to the boy in the boat to row back; others shouted, "Row to the shore!" Everything was confusion, and the worst confused person was the little fellow who, with one oar, could only pull the boat round and round.

The Thornhill nine had put on their jackets, and were watching the tub race. Len and Ned lay on the grass near the river bank, Len with his hand in his jacket pocket, resting idly on the baseball and the twine ball beside it. When the outcry rose they jumped up together, and stood looking earnestly at the bateau for a moment.

"The boom's parted," cried Ned.

"There's only that little chap aboard, and they're getting down toward the rapids!" exclaimed Len. "Quick, Ned! Come on!"

Then as if running to "first" on a short-grounder, he sped down the road beside the river.

An idea had flashed into his mind—an idea suggested by the twine-ball in his pocket and a reel of small rope that he had noticed that morning, as *they* came up the road, on the platform of one of the stores on river street. Dodging past the teams and the shouting, excited crowd, he ran to this store.

"Grab that rope, Ned Corliss," he shouted over his shoulder. "Grab that *rope and come on.* We must get a line across the stream."

Without so much as a nod to the proprietor, Ned unhesitatingly seized upon the reel of *rope* and followed Len, who had already run out on the pro-



THREW THE BASEBALL.

jecting rocks, a few rods above the cataract.

"Run it off the reel and be ready to tie the end, quick!" exclaimed Len, in tones of intense, but suppressed, excitement.

He looked for a stone, but seeing none, wound the end of the twine ten *or* twelve times round the base-ball and knotted it, threw the twine-ball *back on the land side to us* wind it, and then planting his feet firmly, and shouting, "Catch, there!" to the people on the other bank, he threw the base-ball and its hamper of *attached* twine.

It was a splendid throw!

The distance across the deep, swirling current was fully two hundred feet. But the ball rose high and spanned the stream, falling well back on the other side. It was caught by a Longcroft boy.

"Easy now! Don't break it!" shouted Len. "Haul the rope across!" For Ned had already tied the twine to the rope's end. One man who professed to know said it was scarcely twenty seconds from the time Len ran out on the ledges before they had the rope across.

Quickly as it was done there was little time to spare, for the bateau, turning and rocking, was now close down to them. They tightened the line along the surface; and as the bateau touched it, the teacher first, and then hand after hand of the children, laid hold and clung to it.

Slowly slow and cautiously, with encouraging cries, Len, Ned and a dozen others hauled the bateau diagonally up the bank to *shore*.

Such a shout as rose then! The entire assemblage of people *cheered*, then gave Len three times three; and in fact made a hero of him on the spot.

It was while trying to get away from these good people—for Len was a modest youth—that he first spied his Uncle Burbank standing on the sidewalk, looking gravely at him.

He was not an effusive man, however, and *merely remarked*, "When you are ready to go home to-night, Len, you can ride with *me if you want to.*"

Nor did he say much on the way home an hour or two later. Len, on his part, thought that perhaps some *apology for* his apparent disobedience was due his uncle. As they came in *sight of the farm*, he said:

"I was going to string that corn this *morning*, but the twine-ball got—" he hesitated, not liking to betray the boys who had helped him.

"No matter! No matter where it 'got.' It got in the right place!" exclaimed Burbank.

"And Len," he continued with an effort, "I've been a little hard on ye about going out to places, I'm afraid. Hereafter, whenever you think you really want a day, come to me, and if it isn't too often I shall let you take it. I want you always to feel right about it, just as if *you* were my own boy, for that's the way I mean it shall be from now *on*."

Certainly no more than he ought to have said. Yet it was a good deal for Horatio Burbank to say. Len knew it.

"Well, it's better than if I had had a fuss with him last night, and run away," he thought to himself. "He is not an easy man. But I guess he and I will get along all right after this."

That is the kind of boy Len was.

THE FOURTH AT PIKEVILLE.

Trials and Tribulations of the Committee on Ceremonies.

The Fourth will never be forgotten at Pikeville. The program was prepared at a meeting thirty days beforehand. The meeting was exciting. Miss Laura De Sha was elected to read the Declaration of Independence. "She's the only young lady that can read, I suppose," whispered Mrs. Ames, and *she glanced* at her five grown daughters. Whispers continued until twenty *women had agreed never* to buy even a yard of calico at Mr. De Sha's store. Six young ladies said they would not speak to Miss De Sha any more.

Dr. Bunkerman was elected orator.

"Maybe he's the only man in town who can make a speech," muttered Lawyer Tibbs, and his gold-headed cane struck the floor.

"I wouldn't have him doctor a canary," said Mrs Tibbs. Two lawyers, *one doctor*, and four district-school teachers agreed with Mrs. Tibbs.

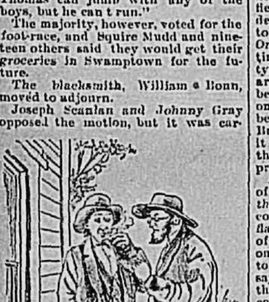
The grocer, Mr. Brown, proposed a foot-race.

"I object!" thundered *Squire Mudd*. "Let's have a jumping contest. My Thomas can jump with any of the boys, but he can't run."

The majority, however, voted for the foot-race, and Squire Mudd and nineteen others said they would get their *groceries* in Swamptown for the future.

The *blacksmith*, William Bonn, moved to adjourn.

Joseph Scanlan and Johnny Gray opposed the motion, but it was car-



THE NEIGHBORS STOPPED AND LISTENED.

ried, and Mr. Scanlan, Mr. Gray, and ten more said *their horses should go* unshod rather than be taken to Bonn's.

For weeks after this meeting people passing the homes of Miss De Sha and Doctor Bunkerman late at night could hear her reading the "Declaration" in a sweet voice, and the doctor rehearsing his oration, now softly, now in tones loud enough to be almost sublime.

Many stopped and listened, looking up at the *shadowy gestures* on the window curtains. These rehearsals were heard, until even the little boys on the streets were shouting, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary," and "Fellow citizens of Pikeville."

At night men were seen here and there running in alleys and pastures by starlight. They were practicing for the foot-race.

The third of July came. Until midnight mothers and daughters ironed white dresses. Dissatisfaction with the program would keep no one at home to-morrow. All would celebrate. And every one was delighted that the sun had set in a clear sky arched by two rainbows, and that now at midnight all the stars shone.

Little birds were awaking one by one on the morning of the Fourth, when all the windows in all the houses of Pikeville rattled. People leaped from their beds to close the shutters. The lightning flashed. Women ran into cellars. Rain fell heavily all day, and no one went out of doors.

The National Holiday.

It is the peculiarity of our nations holidays, of which the Fourth of July is the notable example, that with few exceptions they celebrate something distinctive and memorable in the history of the country. In other words, they are national holidays in the broadest sense.

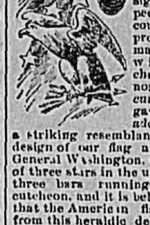
In other countries this is not so. Many foreign monarchies celebrate the ruler's birthday as a general holiday, but one sovereign dies and another succeeds him, and the next generation *has forgotten* even the date of the holiday that was observed as the last King's *birthday*.

In the French republic observes July 14, the anniversary of the *storming* of the Bastille by the revolutionists of 1789. Our neighbors in Canada celebrate Dominion day,—the first of July —the anniversary of the union of separate provinces under one government —not quite the same thing as an "Independence day," but a very good thing to celebrate.

THE DEAR OLD FLAG.

OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM IN MANY FORMS.

The Circumstances Which Gave Rise to "Old Glory" Recited for American Youths—Flags of the Patriotic Colonies.



OUR SPLENDID national emblem is a very familiar sight to the young people of this great country, but it is probable that very many who hail it with enthusiastic cheers are quite ignorant of the circumstances which gave rise to its adoption. There is a striking resemblance between the design of our flag and the arms of General Washington, which consisted of three stars in the upper portion and three bars running across the escutcheon, and it is believed by many that the American flag was derived from this heraldic design. A careful investigation of facts reveals the truth that several flags were used by the *people of the States before* the present one was adopted. In the month of March, 1775, a red flag was hoisted in New York, bearing on one side the inscription, "George Rex and the liberties of America," and on the other side, "No Popery." In July, 1775, on Prospect Hill, General Israel Putnam raised a flag upon which was inscribed the motto of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, "Qui transtulit sustinet," and on the reverse were written



THE PINE-TREE FLAG.

the words, "An Appeal to Heaven." In October, 1775, the floating batteries of Boston carried a flag with the motto, "An Appeal to Heaven," the design being a pine tree on a white field. Virginia carried a flag in 1775—design, a rattlesnake coiled as if about to strike, and the motto, "Don't Tread On Me." Her State motto in the present time resembles this, "Sic semper tyrannis," but it was not until January 18, 1776, that the grand union flag, bearing stars and stripes, was raised on the heights near Boston. It has been said that when the regulars—British troops—saw it, they supposed it was an evidence of submission to the King, who had just issued his proclamation.

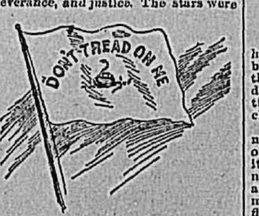
An extract from the British Register of 1776 reads thus: "The rebels burnt *the King's speech*, and changed their colors from a plain red ground to a flag with thirteen stripes, as a symbol of the number and union of the colonies." A letter written from Boston to the Pennsylvania Gazette in 1776 says: "The union flag was raised on the second, a compliment to the united colonies."

So we see that a series and number of flags appeared—the rattlesnake, the pine tree and the stripes, the various designs of the different colonies—until July, 1777, when the blue union of the stars was added to the stripes, and the Law adopted this *flag* as the great national emblem. After the adoption of this flag a stripe was added with every new State; but, as it became manifest that in time the beauty of the emblem would be marred by the enormous proportions acquired by additional States, Congress reduced the stripes to the original thirteen, and the stars were made to correspond with the number of States.

Perhaps no flag on sea or land shows its grace and beauty of design to well as the emblem of the United States, as its proportions are perfect when it is accurately and properly made—one-half as broad as it is long—the first stripe red, the next white, and these alternating colors make the last stripe red, the blue field for the stars being the width and square of the first seven stripes.

The Continental Congress appointed a committee to supervise the union of the different parts of the National flag, and the following description of their design and significance was prepared:

"The stars of the new flag represent the new constellation of States rising in the West. The idea was taken from the great constellation of Lyra, which in the land of Orpheus signifies harmony. The blue in the field was taken from the edges of the Covenanters banner in Scotland, significant of the league covenant of the United States against oppression, incidentally involving the virtues of vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The stars were



THE FLAG OF VIRGINIA, 1775.

disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the union; the *ring*, like the serpent of the Egyptians, signifying eternity. The thirteen stripes showed with the stars the number of the united colonies, and denoted the subordination of the States of the Union, as well as equality among themselves. The whole was the blending of the various flags of the army, and the white ones of the floating batteries. The red color, which in Roman days was the *signal* of defiance, denoted daring; and the white, purity."

ZITELLA COOKE

The Sacrifice of the Liberty-Tree.

FOURTH OF JULY SONGS



WAS SEVENTEEN hundred seventy-six, the year our fathers sealed
The charter of their liberties with blood, on many a field,—
A time of darkness, doubt and dread, with hope to long delayed,
That thought of child and wife almost the bravest cowards made.

Upon their island fair and green, girt by the throbbing sea,
The men of Martha's Vineyard set a tree of liberty.

Flung from its peak their virgin flag, that wind and wave might hear
Their pledge to freedom's cause of life and *honor yet more dear.*
Up through the harbor-mouth one day, by favoring breezes borne,
Flaunting the ensign of King George, came the ship Unicorn;—
Her tattered sides and splintered spar told but a sorry tale
Of battle with the billows' rage and fury of the gale.
"Now, by my faith," the captain cried, "but there's a goodly mast!
Twere worth ten other nights of storm, each blacker than the last,
To bring these canting rebels' pride to such a grievous fall,
And mend His Majesty's good ship with yonder flag-staff tall!"
Then *short and stern* the summons passed through willing messengers:—
"Sell me for gold, if so ye will, your prince of rock-grown firs;—
But bark ye! if ye bring it not by dawn of morrow's morn,
Perforce I take it!—and beware how ye my mandate scorn!"

The patriots heard the haughty word and struck with sore dismay,
Looked down the black mouths of the guns grim watching from the bay,
Through clenched teeth and *quivering* lips the angry whisper blew,
"This red-coat has us by the throat,—'twere madness to resist!"

Night fell along the quiet shore, with not a light to guide,
Save where the war-ship's lantern dim swung slowly with the tide.—
When softly from the silent bay home there stole the maidens three,
Hora, Parnel and Mary fair, beneath the liberty-tree.

They closed it round in silent ring,—what meant that *click of steel?*
Could musket cold and bayonet those gentle hands conceal?
Nay! from a simple workman's bench were *drawn* their weapons true.
Three twisted augers strong and sharp to cut the tough wood through.

With firm, unflinching wounds of love they pierced the fragrant grain,
Then forced the crackling powder home, and set the fuse in train.
Through the still darkness of the hour a sudden flash and roar,
And the tall emblem of the free fell shivered to the core!

The glad west wind *of* heaven that once had rocked it where it grew,
Flung out its shattered fragments small upon the water blue.
The mocking ripples tossed them light against the vessel's lee,
Whose baffled Captain anchor weighed, and, cursing, put to sea.

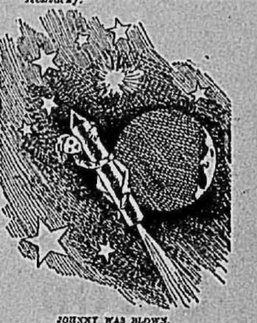
While screamed the sea-bird on *his* track "Chew your proud words again!
Will they whom white-faced girls outwit, dare try the fight with men?"
So runs the tale of maidens three, to children's children told—
Hora, Parnel and Mary fair, of the brave days of old.

—Mary A. P. Stansbury.

A Fourth of July Stale.

There was a small boy once living in Texas
Who bought a small cannon on purpose to vex us.

He poured in the powder, and said, "They'll be lucky
If soon they don't hear from me there in Kentucky."



JOHNNY WAS BLOWN.

But the small cannon burst with such terrible fury,
That pieces—not peace—reigned from Maine to Missouri.

And Johnny was blown, with other small boys,
To a State which some persons pronounce Illynoise!

National Holidays.

No other country approaches ours in holiday observance of national events; but even more significant is the fact that we have no less than four holidays, each of which is in itself a distinct lesson in national patriotism and character.

Independence day, the fifth of our national holidays, around which all our holidays cluster, has lost none of its meaning in the lapse of years. If nowadays there is less of the excited and demonstrative observance which marked its celebration twenty-five or *fifty years ago*, it is not because the American people have outgrown their old feeling of patriotism, but because a more serious and deep-seated conviction has replaced it.

A Great Reminder.

It is well that Independence Day comes to remind us that the work for the Union was not all done in 1776, or in 1789, or in later years. The legacy left us by our fathers, when they signed the Declaration of Independence, 117 years ago, imposes its duties as well as its privileges, and at no time can our resolution to fulfill these pledges be better renewed than on the day we celebrate.

Incorrect Sayings.

A remarkable instance of the way in which a word may be changed or even mutilated is found in the expression "jerked beef," which is a ready English sustitute for "charqui," the Peruvian word for meat cooked in smoke, or "jerked." Such a liberty taken with a foreign word may readily be pardoned when so happy in result, but the necessity for changing "lustrine," a French word for silk into "lutestring" may be questioned, seeing we have many words, such as "lustre" and "lustrous," from the same root. But there is no accounting for fancies. The well known phrase "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high," is always misquoted. It should read, "Everything is lovely and the goose honks high." This saying originated away up in the Northern States, where, in rainy, foggy or stormy weather, it is a well-known fact that the geese fly low—skimming over the very house tops. In fine, pleasant weather you will remember that they fly in long strings so high in the heavens that their peculiar cry, "Honk, honk," can scarcely be heard on the earth below, hence the old saying that everything is lovely when "the goose 'honks' high," and not "hangs high," which is a most nonsensical perversion of the original old New England saying.

The Way of It

In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

In the spring the gentle passenger agent dips his pen in liquid eloquence and writes "ads" to charm the guileless public.

The daily papers teem with dollar-a-line products of a restless brain, sounding the praises of this or that rai way.

The traveling public continually demands something new. The ordinary coach has been merged into the drawing-room car; the once upon a time open sleeping car has become a veritable palace on wheels, with closed compartments, by reason of which families, and ladies traveling alone, can secure coveted seclusion from certain portions of the traveling community who insist upon taking a bath in the wash-room, when a simple ablution is all that is necessary.

Berth electriclights have superseded oil and gas for reading purposes, when insomnia prevents sleep, and dining cars enable one to eat, drink and be merry without having to "gorge" one's self in the old-fashioned "twenty minutes for dinner," with one eye on the conductor for fear he will call "all aboard" and you won't hear it.

The railway companies, quick to respond to the demands of an extravagant public, promptly come to the front with the newest and best of everything that shall make traveling a pleasurable incident of life's journey.

All of which is a prelude to saying that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway ranks as the only line which runs electric lighted, vestibuled compartment-car trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and that all coupon ticket agents in the United States and Canada sell tickets via this line.

Washing the Face.

Some complexion specialists say the face should never be washed. At least one woman in New York affirms that she has not washed her face in seven years. She has a beautiful skin, and when complimented upon it, she says: "Ah, you should have seen my grandmother's skin. When she was 70, it was like a rose leaf, and she had not washed her face for twenty-six years."

Similar stories are told of Madam Patti and other persons of remarkably fine complexions, but the truth of these is not vouched for by reliable authorities.

On the other hand there is a woman living in New York who makes a practice of washing her face every night with soap and hot water. She is over 50 years old, her skin is satin smooth, and the coloring as delicate as that of a young girl. A friend of hers, who is of about the same age, and has a complexion rivalling the other's, puts only clear pure water on her face, and has not touched it with soap in fully twenty years.

The weight of evidence is with the people who use soap, but all agree in saying that only the finest, purest soap must be employed, and that every particle of it must be rinsed off.—Harper's Bazar.

Full of Information.

Lady—Is Mrs. Blake at home?
Servant—No'm.
Lady—Can you tell me when she will be at home?
Servant—As soon as she gets the parlor dusted, mum, an' she's most through now.—N. Y. Weekly.

"German Syrup"

Regis Leblanc is a French Canadian store keeper at Notre Dame de Stanbridge, Quebec, Can., who was cured of a severe attack of Congestion of the Lungs by Boschee's German Syrup. He has sold many a bottle of German Syrup on his personal recommendation. If you drop him a line he'll give you the full facts of the case direct, as he did us, and that Boschee's German Syrup brought him through nicely. It always will. It is a good medicine and thorough in its work.

THERE IS HOPE

For every one who has blood trouble, no matter in what shape or how long standing, provided none of the vital organs have been so far impaired as to render a cure impossible. S. S. S. goes to the root of the disease, and removes the cause, by expelling the poison from the body, and at the same time is a tonic to the whole system. However bad your case may be, there is hope

FOR YOU.

S.S.S. Cured me of a most malignant type of chronic blood trouble, for which I had used various other remedies without effect. My weight increased, and my health improved in every way. I consider S. S. S. the best tonic I ever used.
"S. A. WRIGHT, Midway, Ga."

Treatise on blood, skin and contagious blood poison mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

PUTTING ON AIRS.

It Is Not Always Safe Unless You Are Quite Sure of Yourself.

It is never wise, it is never kind, to "put on airs," and when those persons who endeavor to clothe themselves in vast superiority come to grief it is seldom that they succeed in obtaining any especial sympathy in their discomfiture. A well-known American artist was last summer sketching in the galleries of the Louvre in Paris. Being at work he had, of course, something the appearance of being a habitue of the place, and as such he was several times addressed by the visitors.

On one occasion he was approached by a couple of ladies, one of whom asked:

"Can you tell us where to find the statue of Cupid, and—"

She paused, in the evident hope that he would help her out, but he had heard the name Psyche pronounced in so many ways that he was curious to see what would be made out of it now. The visitor, finding that he would not pronounce the name, turned appealingly to her companion, and the other lady said with much briskness:

"Why, of course you know; the famous statue of Cupid—and the person who is with him."

There was a very different air about the lady who one day haughtily said to the artist:

"Will you be so kind as to direct me to the statue of Catherine de Medici?"

"The statue of Catherine de Medici?" he repeated in some perplexity. "I don't remember such a statue."

The smile of the visitor was more superior than ever as she replied:

"Oh, it is one of the best known statues here. I supposed that any artist would know where it is to be found."

There was so much scorn in her accents as she pronounced the word "artist" that the gentleman was at once amused and annoyed.

"I am an artist," he said, "but I cannot help you, unless it might be that you have made a mistake, and it is the Venus de Medici you are looking for."

The expression which came over the face of the superior questioner was both ludicrous and self-betraying.

"Why," she stammered, "it was a Venus de Medici that I wanted, of course. Do you know where that is?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, smiling, "Any artist can tell you that."

ARCTIC HEROES.

The Fate of Franklin and His Party of Fellow-Discoverers.

It was just after this time, says a writer in the Cornhill Magazine when no one expected further tidings of Sir John Franklin and his party, that Dr. Rae, who had simply gone out on a geographical expedition to connect Sir James Ross' magnetic pole with his own former discoveries to the southward of it, sent home the startling intelligence that he had met an esquimaux who told him that a large party of white men had died of starvation a long distance to the westward and beyond a large river, and this river, he thought, was Back's Great Fish river, an idea which afterward proved to be correct.

The story told to Dr. Rae by the Esquimaux was that, six winters before, some of his countrymen were killing seals near the north end of King William Island, about forty white men were seen dragging a boat and sledges over the ice on the west side of the island. All the men, he said, hauled the drag ropes except one tall, stout, middle-aged officer (doubtless Captain Crozier). And further, he said, they were evidently in want of provisions badly, and signified by signs that they were going where they expected to find deer to shoot. Later on in the same season the corpses of thirty persons and some graves were discovered on the continent of America, and five dead bodies on an island near it.

These, without doubt, were the last survivors of the Franklin expedition. Some of the bodies were in a tent, others under a boat, which had been turned keel up so as to form a shelter, and some were scattered about in different directions. Dr. Rae on this expedition succeeded in purchasing from the Esquimaux various articles, especially silver spoons and forks, which had belonged to different officers of Franklin's ships and which had their initials or crests engraved upon them. Upon his return the sum of £10,000 was paid to him and his party as the reward offered to anyone who would obtain authentic information of the fate of the Franklin expedition.

Not a Wheel Slaves in Algiers.

Among the strangest peculiarities of Tangier, Morocco, and one that at once forces itself on the newcomer is the total absence of any kind of wheeled vehicle. In the entire city—which is an example of all the others in the empire—there is not even a donkey cart, for the streets are much too narrow to permit of their use and transportation of passengers and merchandise is effected upon the backs of donkeys horses, mules and camels, according to the weight and distance. There are but few streets into which a loaded camel could enter, and not more than three in which he could pass another loaded camel or horse. Some of the smaller streets are so narrow that even the paniers of a donkey would scrape upon either side, so that in the city itself the transportation devolves upon donkeys for the side streets and upon horses and mules for the main thoroughfares.—Scribner's.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

How St. Louis Banks Regard the Outlook—Heavy Travel to the Fair.

ST. LOUIS, June 23.—The financial situation is giving very little anxiety here. All the banks are reported in best possible shape and although of course there is more conservati-m than usual in regard to discounting paper, there is plenty of money for all legitimate enterprises. On the Real Estate Exchange, money is offered every day on realty lands and the rate of interest continues to be but a nominal fraction in excess of 6 per cent, with that figure exactly for the best loans. The real-estate market is not quite so active as at this time last year though the returns are much higher than those of 1891. The building enterprise, which has been a conspicuous feature of the city during the last three years, is more marked than ever this summer. The frontage covered with new buildings during the past three years exceeds in the aggregate 100 miles in length, and at the present rate of building the total for this year alone will be considerably over forty-five miles.

The railroad travel between St. Louis and Chicago since the opening of the World's Fair has been by far the largest on record. The five railroads running day and night trains between this city and the home of the World's Fair have been compelled to put on extra sleepers and other coaches and even to run their trains in sections. This is partly the result of the very large number of people living in Missouri who are visiting the Fair, not once but frequently. At the same time quite a majority of the increased traffic is made up by visitors and tourists from distant States. The railroads have granted St. Louis proportionate rates from all points with reductions similar to those given the City of the World's Fair, and hence there is a great deal of travel from all points through St. Louis, tourists purchasing tickets to this point and availing themselves of the low excursion rates which prevail for the ride across the State of Illinois.

Quite an excursion party occupied a special car on the first run made by the new fast mail North last Sunday morning. St. Louis has had the benefit of the fast mail service west and south west for several years, but until this week there has been no early morning newspaper and mail train to Northern Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and Illinois points. The train makes very fast time as well as close connection with a number of roads at various points and it is expected the influence on the jobbing trade will be very marked.

Lieutenant Colonel Ratdorf has been elected Colonel of the First Regiment of the Missouri Militia. Col. Wetmore, the retiring Colonel, was compelled to resign in consequence of business engagements, and he is succeeded by an officer who has served since the time of the Southwestern strike. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifth Provisional Regiment of Missouri which took part in the World's Fair dedication proceedings at Jackson Park last fall.

Bicycle riding is becoming so common and popular in the city that it is proposed to establish bicycle stables in the down-town district in order to accommodate the thousands of clerks and others who ride to and from business on their wheels daily. The wheelmen of St. Louis are strong believers in the value of co-operation. Shortly before the last municipal election they formed committees to wait upon the various mayoralty candidates from whom they obtained promises which have resulted in the principal asphalt streets being left unsprinkled morning and evening for their benefit.

Taking the Husband's Name.

The practice of the wife assuming the husband's name at marriage, it is said, originated from a Roman custom, and became the common custom after the Roman occupation. Thus Julia and Octavia, married to Pompey and Cicero were called by the Romans Julia of Pompey and Octavia of Cicero, and, in later times, married women in most European countries signed their names in the same manner, but omitted the "of." Against this view may be mentioned that during the sixteenth and even at the beginning of the seventeenth century the usage seems doubtful, since we find Catherine Parr so signing herself after she had been twice married, and we always hear of Lady Jane Grey (not Dudley) and Arabella Stuart (not Seymour.) Some persons think that the custom originated from the Scriptural teaching that husband and wife are one. It was decided in the case of Hon vs. Smith, in the reign of Elizabeth, that a woman by marriage loses her former name and legally receives the name of her husband.

Where There Is Waste.

A few hints in that note book in regard to careless wastefulness are well worth considering. Waste in the kitchen is often very great from apparently trival sources.

In cooking meats the water is thrown out without removing the grease, or the grease from the dripping pan is thrown away.

Scraps of meat are thrown away.

Cold potatoes are left to sour and spoil.

Dried fruits are not looked after and become wormy.

Vinegar and sauce are left standing in tin.

Apples are left to decay for want of "sorting over."

The tea canister is left open.

Victuals are left exposed, to be eaten by the mice.

Bones of meat and carcasses of turkeys are thrown away, when they could be used in making good soups.

Sugar, tea, coffee and rice are carelessly spilled in the handling.

Soap is left to dissolve and waste in the water.

Dish towels are used for dish cloths.

Napkins are used for dish towels.

Towels are used for holders.

Brooms and mops are not hung up.

More coal is burned than necessary by not arranging dampers when not using the fire.

Lights are left burning when not used.

Tin dishes are not properly cleansed and dried.

Good new brooms are used in scrubbing kitchen floors.

Silver spoons are used in scraping kettles.

Cream is left to mold and spoil.

Mustard is left to spoil in the cruse etc.

Potato Recipes.

Even that household necessity, the potato, is susceptible of so many changes in cooking that it may be made to seem almost like some other vegetable by the deft handling and little, if any, extra trouble, says S. A. Little in the "Rural New Yorker." It is said that some Western firm has published a book which gives 400 ways for serving this homely, every-day food, but I will content myself by mentioning a few. Whether the potato shall or shall not be deprived of its "jacket" before it is cooked must be decided by individual taste. I will say, however, that if potatoes are scarce, and economy necessary, there is much less waste when they are boiled with their skins on. Another point which has been much discussed is whether the water must boil before the potato is put in. If taken from the water as soon as cooked I can see no difference in whatever way it is employed. Care must be taken to permit the steam to pass off when the potatoes are drained, and if it is necessary to keep them hot for some time a folded towel will prove a very satisfactory cover.

As soup is the first course at dinner, possibly it may be well to give recipes for two appetizing potato soups at the head of my list:

POTATO SOUP No. 1.—Boil five potatoes until so tender that you can mash them fine; fry one onion in drippings, then add to the potatoes; toast a large slice of bread until brown and put this with the potatoes and onion and boil. Strain through a colander, put on the fire again with the addition of one pint of rich milk. Season to taste and serve as soon as the milk has heated.

POTATO SOUP No. 2.—Eight potatoes, three onions, salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg. Boil the sliced onions with the pepper and nutmeg in a little water until done. Cook the potatoes and mash them fine and mix with the onion and the water in which the onion was cooked. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one quart of boiling milk and salt to taste. Strain before serving.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Butter the bottom and sides of a dish. Put in a layer of cold boiled potatoes, sliced; season with pepper, salt and small pieces of butter, and dust with flour. Put in another layer of potatoes in the same way, and when the dish is filled cover the top with a layer of cracker crumbs half an inch thick. Pour a cup of cream over the whole and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. This may be varied by the use of a seasoning of finely-chopped celery or parsley.

POTATO SOUFFLE.—Boil a sufficient amount of nice, mealy potatoes. Put them through the ricer or mash fine, add a cupful of rich cream and three well-beaten eggs. Season with salt and pepper, beat up light and bake until brown in a quick oven. When potatoes are baked, a slice should be cut from the stem end before putting them into the oven. When cooked they should be taken from the oven singly with a napkin and broken partly open to allow the steam to escape.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Bake nice, shapely potatoes until partly done; cut off one end, scrape out the flesh with a spoon, mash it fine, season with butter and salt and some finely-chopped parsley. Fill the shells with the mixture and return them to the oven for a few minutes. These may be varied by adding finely-hashed meat, grated cheese, bread-crumbs, or anything else which the taste may dictate. A vegetable scoop is handy, and though the flavor of potatoes is not improved by its use, their appearance is much better. Cut out balls with the scoop from raw potatoes and fry in deep fat until brown. Pile high in a dish, sprinkle salt over them and garnish with parsley. Balls cut from cold boiled potatoes are nice warmed in the same way, or they may be dropped into hot white sauce and served when heated through.

DUCHESSE POTATOES.—Boil, mash and season nice mealy potatoes, add a well beaten egg and mix thoroughly. Roll out flat on the molding board, cut in strips an inch wide and three inches long, lay in a buttered tin and brown in the oven.

STEWED POTATOES.—Slice cold boiled potatoes, salt to taste, dredge a little flour on them and half cover them with rich milk. Let them cook three or four minutes briskly, and just before sending to the table stir in a generous piece of butter.

CASSEROLE OF POTATOES.—Form an oval pile of mashed potatoes on a dish, make a hole in the center of the size desired; brush the surface with beaten egg and set in the oven until nicely browned. Fill the hole with stewed tomatoes, macaroni, or with any kind of stew.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Mix nicely mashed potatoes with beaten egg yolk, season with just a hint of nutmeg, grated lemon peel or chopped parsley; form into balls, dip in beaten egg and fry in hot fat. Drain on paper for a minute and serve hot.

Irrigation Beneficial.

The fact that portions of California have been under irrigation for a quarter of a century with no concomitant of fever or ague argues against the baseless theory of attendant diseases. In this as in other matters, care should be taken to avoid the mistake of assuming as cause and effect what is merely a coincidence. On the whole there is much cause for congratulation on the progress which irrigation has already made, hope for its spread in the future, and no reason to fear that its effect will be deleterious to the health of the community.

AN invisible boat for water-fowl hunters has been patented. This will even up matters with the invisible water-fowl, which tends to cast a gloom over the average hunter.

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The great blood Purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the Complexion and cures Constipation. 25c, 50c.

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He Saw the Man.

"Witness, did you see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Oh, yes; that's where I got acquainted with him."—Boston Globe.

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Information about Texas Fruit and Garden lands, finest in the world. Big fortunes now being made. Near Mexican Gulf Coast and close to railroad. Vegetables in Chicago market two weeks in advance of other sections. Prices, $8.00 to $20.00 per acre. Long time. Address Milton Everett, San Antonio, Texas, for full information.

Earth Products.

Schoolmistress (just beginning a nice improving lesson upon minera's to the juniors)—Now, what are the principal things we get out of the earth?

Youthful Ang'er (aged 4, confidently)—Worms.—Tid-Bits.

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Her Way of Looking at It.

A poor old woman who had just seen the ocean for the first time was asked by her son:

"What do you think of the sea?"

"Think!" replied the old dame after a long pause. "I can't think, Jim. I can only thank Providence for having shown me something in my life of which there seems to be enough and to spare."—Buffalo Snips.

How's This!

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Moon and Barometer.

The influence of the moon on the barometer is dealt with by Mr Bornstein in a recent article in the "Meteorologische Zeitschrift. He refers to the question as to as to whether there exists any relation between the pressure of the atmosphere and the altitude of the moon. This study is based upon observations made at four different stations in Germany and Austria, and does not take into account the phases of the moon, or her distance from the earth, but considers merely the lunar day. The results obtained are: First, that the variations of pressure do not indicate any atmospheric tides, and second, that at three of the stations the pressure shows but one oscillation during the lunar day. At Berlin and at Hamburg the maximum takes place a little before the moon sets, and at Vienna, at the moment of least culmination, whereas the minimum takes place, at all the stations, at the moment of the moon's rising.

A Lesson To the Students.

"Gentlemen, you do not use your faculties of observation," said an old professor addressing his class. Here he pushed forward a gallipot containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. "When I was a student," he continued, "I used my sense of taste," and with that he dipped his finger in the gallidot and then put his finger in his mouth. "Taste it, gentlemen, taste it," said the professor, "and exercise your perceptive faculties." The gallipot was pushed toward the reluctant class, one by one. The students resolutely dipped their fingers into the concoction and, with many a wry face, sucked the abomination from their fingers. "Gentlemen, Gentlemen," said the professor, "I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation, for had you looked more closely at what I was doing you would have seen that the finger which I put in my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot."—Medical Record.

THE U. S. Government Chemists have reported, after an examination of scores of different brands, that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure, of highest leavening capacity, and superior to all others.

Ignorance of Military

At the beginning of [illegible] great many people were quite [illegible] of the pomp and splendor of military rank, and the importance of military titles. Their ignorance led to many amusing incidents, one of which is told in connection with Gen. Hardee. It was at the time that Albert Sidney Johnston was in command at Bowling Green, Ky., and Gen. Hardee was ordered with his command to that place from Columbus, Ky. At that time the bridge over the Tennessee River at Danville, Tenn., had not been completed and the General and his command had to be ferried over the river to cars on the opposite side. When Gen. Hardee had crossed the river—supposing, of course, that a special car had been provided for himself and his military staff—he accosted a brakeman belonging to the train with the question: "Where shall I and my staff go?" The brakeman, having no idea who the General was, or of what his staff consisted, after surveying him and his sword thoroughly and somewhat contemptuously, replied: "You can go into that car there, and you can stick your old staff out of the window."—Chicago Journal.

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HOME IN THE VALLEY.

I own my little home up here among the mountains hid,
The sky spreads down about it like a star-strewn cover lid.

No noise that thunders through the world and racks the souls of men
Can desecrate the silence of my mountain-guarded glen.

But here within the valley, in its deep seclusion curled,
I behold the mighty pageant of the wonders of the world.

Here the brooks from down the mountains through the verdured valleys flee,
Drawn by their eternal madness to be mingled with the sea.

As the soul of man in exile daily struggles in its flight
Toward the far-off central ocean of the shoreless Infinite.

Here tall cities of enchantment, like the cities of the blest,
Sunset capitals of cloudland rise within the crimson west.

Here the miracle of morning, sunrise-crowned and dew-impearled,
In its old eternal newness daily breaks upon the world.

Here the pomp of all the seasons marches yearly through the glen,
Bringing gifts of snow and flowers and the fruits of earth to men

I am bosomed deep in beauty; like the dewdrop in the rose
Let me fade into the silence of the fragrant night's repose.

Let me live here in the valley in its deep seclusion curled
And behold the mighty pageant of the wonders of the world.

Restless are the feet that wander, restless are the hearts that roam,
Here God shows me all His glories; let me stay and rest at home.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.



CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED.

Some one halted him as he reached the small gate. Nora could see a letter handed over the pickets to her husband. On the other side of the gate stood a very old man. He was bent with age. She could not recall ever having encountered him in any of her walks or drives.

The matter of a note handed to her husband by one of the people on the place would not have cost her a second thought, had not John behaved so curiously about it.

She could see him conceal the white envelope between his two large hands while he glanced in every direction, taking the lower part of the house in with a furtive sweep; after which he seemed to make a point of securing himself against observation while he read it. He planted himself squarely in front of the gate, with his back to the house, a better point of observation, and held the letter aperture at close range. After the brief nir, a hurried colloquy ensued between him and the man on the other side of the gate, who hobbled away at its close, leaving John standing in the same spot, evidently sunk in a profound revery.

He had leaned his gun against the gatepost while reading the letter. He picked it up presently, examined the lock abstractedly, and passed slowly out through the gate, closing it absently upon the noses of the three dogs. They ran yelping and protesting against this piece of inconsiderateness, until a low place in the fence furnished them their opportunity, when they vaulted over it, and, with their bruised noses close to the ground, soon disappeared, running in the direction John had taken.

John's wife turned away from the window, now that there was nothing more to be seen, conscious of a very lively curiosity touching the note which had, before her very eyes, transformed her husband almost instantaneously from a quick-stepping, careless, whistling huntsman into a grave, slow-moving, profoundly abstracted man.

"He had forgotten all about the dogs, evidently, and he stopped whistling! It takes a decided shock to make John break off a tune in the middle."

But whatever might have been the condition of his nerves when he passed through the gate going, to all seeming they were in admirable order when he entered her room some hours later, in a terribly bespattered condition, but radiant over his modicum of success.

"Nine snipe and three rabbits! How is that for a two hours' hunt, Mrs. John, by a man who hasn't had his finger on a trigger for a year?"

"It is a miracle, if I am to take my cue from your face, dear."

She was scanning him curiously. Would he tell her anything about the note? She let her eyes drop slowly from his face to his mud-spattered ankles.

"How does one contrive to get so muddy in such dry weather, John?"

"Snipe,—swamp birds, you know. No end of trouble to secure them. But I fancied they would be a treat to you and Ninette. Where is the monkey?"

"Celeste and she are out together, somewhere. She will be in presently."

No; it was evident he did not intend to tell her anything about that note. She had scarcely expected he would. On the other hand, she did not intend to tell him of Ninette's visit to Glenburnie. Was she in a position to cast stones? A secret for a secret.

The dinner-bell rang while he was still busy with the whisp broom, ridding himself of his forest accretions.

"You are not going to dinner in that rig?"

She turned from the mirror, where she had been putting the last precise touches to her own dinner toilette, to ask this question, as there was no sign of John's doffing his corduroys.

"I think I must to-day. I will apologize to mother."

"I don't think Mrs. Lorimer accepts apologies very gracefully. She prefers your not offending."

"I know it; but I have to take another tramp after dinner, and she will have to take me as I am this time."

"More snipe?"

"Yes—no; that is, of course, I shall take my gun along; but you mustn't always count on my being so successful." His evident nervousness increased with every word.

"I never count on anything," she said, enigmatically, as together they descended the stairway to the dining-room. Just as they reached it, she tried an experiment:

"If you will wait for me to slip into a flannel dress after dinner, I will tramp with you. I am a splendid walker."

"I could not think of such a thing," he said, with irritated emphasis; "it would wear you literally out."

"As you please," she said, coolly. "I fancied you would like to have me go."

"Under any other circumstances—I mean, at any other time—that is—"

"You are floundering, John, dear, abominably."

They were in the dining-room now, and John was excusing his hunting-garb to his mother.

"Going again, after dinner? It gets dark very early, you know, John. I like to have you all about me when the lamps are lighted, John."

"I know it, mother; but I must go this afternoon."

His brow contracted and his lids drooped until his eyes were almost invisible. Nora had learned the danger-signal. He had reached the limits of endurance.

The dinner was rather a failure, socially. Dick and Rafe clattered their forks and their tongues incessantly, but to no purpose, so far as brightening the atmosphere was concerned.

Lorimer and John were both gravely abstracted.

"I wonder if he knows," Nora said to herself, glancing at her brother-in-law's handsome serious face.

She was not sorry John did not go back to their room with her. Ninette was up there. She had heard her little feet pattering over their heads for some time. Celeste had smuggled her into the house while they were all at table. By to-morrow the child would have forgotten all about her visit to the flower-lady, but to-day she might make indiscreet revelations.

Celeste's mood had changed altogether since leaving the house. Her eyes were sparkling, and her whole meager person seemed inflated with an air of importance. Nora looked at her in surprise. She had anticipated at least three days of the sulks.

"The walk has done you good," she said, kindly. "I told you you ought to get out in the sunlight more."

Celeste stopped in front of her, with her hands folded over Ninette's cloak. She snapped the fingers of one hand audibly:

"That for a walk among wild weeds and dust. But I have made a discovery, madame. Bah! it is the people who set themselves up for saints in this world who are the sly and underhanded ones. I never set myself up as a saint. No one ever called Celeste Bougereaux a saint."

She laughed aloud with malicious glee.

"No one will ever be tempted to call you one until you look a little more like one than you do at this moment, Celeste. Who is it that you call sly and underhand?"

It was distinctly her duty to make this woman either speak more plainly or else hold her peace entirely. She was not prepared for Celeste's triumphantly prompt reply:

"Miss Fairbanks—the beautiful, saintly Miss Fairbanks, who sacrifices herself for her recluse of a father and yet consents to meet her lover clandestinely in the woods. Bah! it is only saints who can afford to run such risks."

Nora had grown white to the very lips. She abhorred herself almost as greatly as she did the yellow-skinned, glittering-eyed grinning wretch in front of her for her own next words:

"I want to know exactly what you mean, Celeste, and all that you mean."

"With pleasure, madame. I was so careless not to notice, until I had got nearly to the front gate of Glenburnie, that the child had lost one of her turquois shoulder bracelets. I left her among the flowers in the garden, while I ran back to the house for it. The pillars to that front veranda are miracles of bigness, madame. Miss Fairbanks must not have seen my approach. She was looking down upon the old man who sells her flowers. He stood upon the ground. I heard her say, very distinctly, but in a voice that was not quite steady: 'Tell him yes—I will come this once.' And the old man answered back: 'Dry bayou, remember, missy, five o'clock.' 'Dry bayou—five o'clock. I will be there, Cato, tell Mr. ——' Then, madame, Miss Fairbanks saw me, and her face, the pure white face of a saint, became redder than those roses she gave the child. That is exactly what I mean, madame, and all that I mean."

"Celeste, you are a devil."

"And Miss Fairbanks is a saint. That is as I have already said—come, Ninette, it is time you took your bath. I must wash the dust of Glenburnie from your feet, or you too may grow up to be a saint."

She disappeared, dragging the reluctant Ninette with her. Nora sat quite still, enveloped in all the pain and the powerlessness of a hideous nightmare.

In that nightmare trance she saw, disconnectedly, a beautiful woman sitting by the roadside, a withered black hand extending a white envelope towards her husband, John's hurried and unusual afternoon departure, Celeste's mocking face and malicious gossip.

"What then?" she asked, vehemently, aloud.

After a long silence she answered her own question:

"It would be nothing more than I deserve."



CELESTE RAISED HORRIFIED HANDS: "THE BLACK SAVAGE!"

CHAPTER VII.

"Dry bayou! Dry bayou! Dry bayou!"

The words set themselves to the somewhat uneven tick-t-tock of the wheezy old clock on her mantel-shelf. She absently looked the clock in the face, and it made a wild suggestion to her. One of its long black rusty hands was pointing to the figure nine; the other was creeping steadily onward in the direction of the figure five. Fifteen minutes to five o'clock.

Why might not she explore Dry Bayou before dark? True, she was profoundly ignorant as to its whereabouts, and to inquire her way would not be practicable under the circumstances; but there could not possibly be any danger of really getting lost on the place.

There was no one to object nor to question her as she walked boldly down the long spiral stairway and out at the side-entrance, with nothing about her head and shoulders but a light woolen shawl, selected because of its subdued brown color, which would "mingle easily with the reddish brown of the tall sedge-grass."

She had calculated all the chances; Mrs. Lorimer was unfailingly due in the dairy at that time of day. Lorimer as unfailingly at the corn-crib, supervising the mule's evening meal; Dick and Rafe, her most devoted squires, were fortunately out at the landing, keeping watch and ward over a big shipment of cotton.

She drew her shawl closer about her shoulders as she passed from under the shelter of the portico. It was cooler than she had expected to find it, and there was a suggestion of rain in the raw autumn air. At a less excited moment, she would probably have turned back and given up her rash expedition, or else prepared herself for disagreeable possibilities with waterproof and umbrella.

She did neither. She pushed on as rapidly as possible; past the straggling negro cabins, whence the odor of frying bacon and weak coffee floated sickeningly to her disgusted nostrils; beyond the large wooden boundary-gate, which sagged so badly on its hinges that it required both her hands and all her strength to open it; out into the uncultivated parts of the place, where the dry rattling corn and cotton-stalks gave way to broad expanses of tall reddish sedge-grass which lined the clayey slopes, and made acceptable bits of color, in bright contrast with the vivid evergreen of the dwarf pines that soon closed her in from possible detection from the house.

She moved forward without any definite plan of action, or any defined course. Wherever she detected the slightest indication of a trodden path among the slippery pine needles, she followed it to its termination; perhaps it would end suddenly where a straggling growth of cane had tempted the hungry cattle into pleasant by-ways. She could hear the soft tinkle of cow-bells amidst the dense greenery of the cane that waved far above their horned heads and closed them in from sight. Perhaps it would end, in the most inconsequential fashion, in the midst of a clump of pines, over whose dwarfed heads she could see a chill pallid pink glow feebly painting the western sky.

With abrupt suddenness one of these blind leads began to descend. At her feet lay a ravine. Deep, deep downwards it extended, its ragged sides clothed with woodland growths of manifold sorts. Tall trees there were, vine-clad with ruddy-leaved creepers to their very apex, standing so far down in the ravine that their leafy crowns were on a level with her own unsheltered head. A tangled wilderness of shrubs and trees spread at her feet. She could hear sleepy birds twittering among the branches of the trees. She could see where the same tangled growth of vine, shrub and tree, that fell abruptly away from her where she stood on a grassy projection, climbed upward again as abruptly across an intervening space of perhaps fifty feet.

"This must be Dry bayou! And to think she never should have heard of it before!"

She came to a halt with her feet planted among the soft green mosses, while the red-brown plumes of the sedge-grass waved closely about her slender shoulders. It was very still out there. "Solemnly beautiful," she called it. The soft gray twilight enwrapped the earth earlier there than elsewhere. Stretching at her feet was a narrow but distinct trail. She shrank from the descent. It was late. It would be no pleasant thing to lose one's self down there among those bosky shadows.

Close to her, so close that she could have leaned against its trunk had she been so minded, stood an oak tree whose life current had been sapped by the usurping mistletoe that clothed the gray dead branches with clusters of living green. A mocking bird fluttered across the shadowy ravine, and, lighting upon a mistletoe bough, woke the echoes with his varied melody. John's wife pushed the damp hair that was clinging to her temples back behind her small ears, with a gesture of impatience that was linked to pain.

The mocking bird was calling to his mate. Where was the wanderer? The plaintive note of a wood pigeon floated up to her from the shadowy recesses of Dry Bayou. It furnished a dulcet minor to the mocking bird's clear notes. It struck a responsive chord in the excited fancy of that lonely listener there among the russet grasses.

"She is lonely, that unseen dove! So am I! Oh! John, so am I!" She laughed hysterically at what she called, in audible tones, a wild foolish fancy begotten of the hour and the place. Her moods were as variant as the notes of the mocking bird still shrilling his love song under the mistletoe bough. With a sudden outflinging of her arms, she called aloud: "John! John Lorimer! Husband! Where are you, John?"

The mocking bird hushed his whistling and flew away, startled. Only the far off tinkling of a cow bell and the nearer plaintive moan of the wood pigeon broke the deathlike stillness. Her excited nerves were not soothed by nature's pliant mood. She stamped her foot passionately, crying aloud: "A sweet, wild trysting place for a saint and a married man! I abhor myself! I abhor him!"

Then reason itself seemed to fly away startled, as the mocking bird had done, and left John's wife standing there, a quivering, wonder-struck, passion-swayed woman, no longer capable of rational action or thought.

Two moving objects had come upon the still landscape, across the narrow ravine, blurring and blotting out all the beauty of it for Nora Lorimer.

From her colgne of vantage she could plainly discern John's tall, muscular figure in its garb of drab corduroy. He was slightly in advance of his companion—a woman, well muffled in hood and gossamer, better guarded against the chill autumnal air than poor little Nora had thought to guard herself.

John trudged fearlessly and surefootedly down the crooked, winding trail on the opposite side of the ravine. His companion followed more timorously. At a certain spot Nora saw her husband hesitate, then with a long stride he stepped across a wide crevice in the brown earth. He turned towards his companion with both hands outstretched. She could hear him ask, in a clear, high voice, full of encouragement:

"Dare you venture the leap?"

"With your help, yes," came back to him confidingly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROMPTLY REWARDED.

A Rich Gold Find Directly Due to a Kindness Shown a Stranger.

"A good turn will always turn up so that you never get the worst of it," said Frank Painter, of Como, Col. "How do you suppose one of the best fellows that ever lived became a rich man? It isn't a long story, but it shows to a finish that a square act never gets astray, even if it does take some time in finding its way round. Jere Jackson came out to Colorado in the early days without a cent to save his life. He knocked around for a year and a half and lived from hand to mouth. We all liked him, and we knew that it wasn't his fault that things didn't come his way, and none of the boys would refuse him shelter when things came particularly hard. Well, one day Jere struck out. He was disgusted with the world in general, and with Mr. Jackson in particular. While plodding along in a lonely part of the country a couple of days after that he came on the dead body of a miner lying in the road. 'Poor devil,' thought Jere; 'I suppose that's how I'll fetch up.' He started in to give the dead stranger the attention that he'd like himself, and was soon digging a grave for a man he had never seen before. He didn't dig far, though; hardly two feet. He had run across gold, gold, gold. He buried his unknown friend in another hole, and quit the first one a rich man. A good turn, even to a stranger, will never give you the worst of it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Stub Ends of Thought.

Do they call it a white lie because the dirt shows on it so easily?

Church singing is the gravy to the sermon.

A sigh is the effervescence of sorrow.

A kiss is a language to itself.

The prettiest women are rarely the prettiest wives.

A bird would sing just the same if nobody heard it.

Poverty and sin are partners.

Chemical analysis does not show the tears in a pint of whisky.

Worry is a tack in our shoe.

There's crape on the door of the whole world.—Detroit Free Press.

Definitions.

Statesman—A politician who has made his pile.

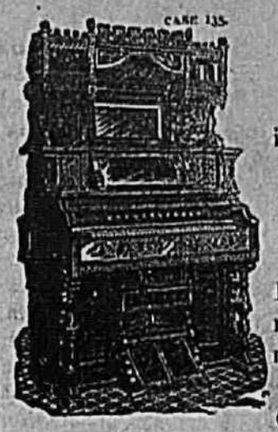
Leader—One who knows which way the wind blows.

Monarchy—A government of kings and court cards. It is distinct from a republic, which is supposed to be a government by the whole pack, though very few of them are really in the deal.

Legislature—A political kindergarten.

Justice—Giving the other fellow the worst of it.

Reformer—The man on the outside.—Indianapolis Journal.



THE NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINE,
is considered to be one of the best Machines made.
Why pay a good price for a cheap machine when you can get a good machine for the same money?
I carry a full line of Needles for nearly all machines. Repairs for any machine furnished on short notice.
If you think of buying an Organ or Piano call and see me.
FULL LINE OF FURNITURE & UNDERTAKING.
J. C. JAMES Jr.
Antioch, Illinois.

THAT FINE LINE OF
NECK WEAR
That everyone has been waiting for
HAS ARRIVED.
MENS STRAW AND FELT
HATS
In large Variety.
Call and make your selection
Before the Fourth.
Prices reduced on Wall Papers.
Just think of it! We are selling
Beautiful Dinner Sets for $7.95.
C. O. FOLTZ & CO.,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.

McCormick Steel Binders & Mowers.
Any one in need of Farm Machinery will do well to call on me before buying elsewhere.
I HAVE THE AGENCY FOR McCORMICK BINDERS & MOWERS.
—Have also on hand a stock of—
McCORMICK BINDING TWINE
OF DIFFERENT QUALITIES AND PRICES.
I have on hand Riding and Walking Cultivators, Hawkeye Hay Loaders, Tiger Self Dump Hay Rakes, Eureka Hay Tedders, Hay Carriers, Rope and Machine Oil.
All of which I sell at reasonable prices.
Oats For Sale at all times.
A. G. WATSON, - ANTIOCH, ILL.

CHANGE WINTER TO SUMMER.
ALL
Light Clothing,
Light Underwear,
Light Shoes,
Light Dresses,
Light Hats,
Light Slippers
VERY FINE GOODS
and will add materially to your happiness.
BUT THE LIGHT
Quick Meal Gasoline Stove
WILL MAKE HAPPINESS COMPLETE,
As they light quick,
Make light fuel bills,
Cook Quick and give
} COMPLETE SATISFACTION.
We are still selling
Williams Bros., Best Flour, $4.60 Per Barrel
Makes Light Bread, and the price is very low.
WILLIAMS BROS.
ANTIOCH, ILL.

HEATH & MILLIGAN PAINTS FOR SALE BY C. O. FOLTZ & CO.

...THE VALLEY.

...own in its little home up here among the moun-
The day spreads down about it like a star-
strewn cover lid.

No noise, no shadow through the world and
Can fathom half the mood of ours
Can penetrate the silence of my mountain-
guarded glen.

But here within the valley, in its deep seclusion
I behold it,
I behold the mighty pageant of the wonders of
the world.

Here the brooks from dusky the mountains
through the windowed valleys flow,
Drawn by their eternal mattress to be mingled
with the sea.

As the soul of man in exile daily struggles in its
flight
Toward the far-off central ocean of the above-
less Infinite.

Here tall cities of enchantment, like the cities
of the blest,
Sunset capitals of cloudland rise within the
crimson west.

Here the miracle of morning, sunrise-crowned
and dew-impearled,
In its old eternal newness daily breaks upon
the world.

Here the pomp of all the seasons marches year
by year,
Bringing gifts of snow and flowers and the
fruits of earth to me.

I am seasoned deep in beauty; like the dewdrop
in the rose,
Let me take into the silence of the fragrant
night's repose.

Let me live here in the valley in its deep seclu-
sion curled
And behold the mighty pageant of the wonders
of the world.

Restless are the feet that wander, restless are
the hearts that roam,
Here God shows me all His glories; let me stay
and rest at home.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.



CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Some one halted him as he reached the small gate. Norn could see a letter handed over the pickets to her husband. On the other side of the gate stood a very old man. He was bent with age. She could not recall ever having encountered him in any of her walks or drives.

The matter of a note handed to her husband by one of the people on the place would not have cost her a second thought, had not John behaved so curiously about it.

She could see him conceal the white envelope between his two large hands while he glanced in every direction, taking the lower part of the house in with a rapid sweep after which he seemed to make a point of securing his back against observation while he read.

He planted himself squarely in front of the gate, with his back toward her point of observation, and held it open at close range. After the old man, a bizarre, coppery enough looking blighter, he was, had gone on the other side of the gate, who hobbled away at its close, leaving John standing in the same spot, evidently sunk in a profound reverie.

He had leaned his gun against the gatepost while reading the letter. He picked it up presently, examined the lock abstractedly, and passed slowly out through the gate, closing it absently upon the noses of the three dogs. They ran yelping and protesting against this piece of inconsiderateness, until a hue place in the fence furnished them their opportunity, when they wiggled over it, and, with their bruised noses close to the ground, soon disappeared, running in the direction John had taken.

John's wife turned away from the window, now that there was nothing more to be seen, conscious of a very lively curiosity touching the note which had, during her very eyes, transformed her husband almost instantaneously from a quick-stepping, careless, whistling huntsman into a grave, slow-moving, profoundly abstracted man.

She had been all about the dogs, evidently, and he stopped whistling! It takes a decided shock to make John break off a tune in the middle.

But whatever might have been the condition of his nerves when he passed through the gate going, to all seeming they were in admirable order when he entered her room some hours later, in a terribly bespattered condition, but radiant over his exploits of success.

"Nine snipe and three rabbits! How is that for a two hours' hunt, Mrs. John, by a man who hasn't had his finger on a trigger for a year?"

"It is a miracle; if I am to take my cue from your face, dear."

She was scanning him curiously. Would he tell her, anything about the note? She let her eyes drop slowly from his face to his mud-spattered ankles.

"How does one 'contrive' to get so muddy in such dry weather, John?"

"Snipe—swamp, bless you, you know. No end of trouble to secure them. But I fancied they would be a treat to you and Ninette. Where is the monkey?"

"Celeste, and she are out together, somewhere. She will be in presently."

No, it was plain, he did not intend to tell her anything about that note. She had scarcely expected he would. On the other hand, she did not intend to tell him of Ninette's visit to Glenburnie. Was she in a position to cast stones? A secret for a secret.

The dinner-bell rang while he was still busy with the wisp brush, ridding himself of his forest accretions.

"You are not going to dinner in that rig?"

She turned from the mirror, where she had been putting the last precise touches to her own dinner toilette, to ask this question, as there was no sign of John's doffing his corduroys.

"I think I must to-day. I will apologize to mother."

"I don't think Mrs. Lorimer accepts apologies very gracefully. She prefers your not offending."

"I know it; but I have to take another tramp after dinner, and she will have to take me as I am this time."

"More snipe?"

"Yes—but that is, of course, I shall take my gun along; but you mustn't always count on my being so successful." His evident nervousness increased with every word.

"I never count on anything," she said, enigmatically, as together they descended the stairway to the dining-room. Just as they reached it, she tried an experiment.

"If you will wait for me to slip into a flannel dress after dinner, I will tramp with you. I am a splendid walker."

"I could not think of such a thing," he said, with irritated emphasis; "it would wear you literally out."

"As you please," she said, coolly. "I fancied you would like to have me go."

"Under any other circumstances—I mean, at any other time—but is—"

"You are floundering, John, dear, absolutely."

They were in the dining-room now, and John was excusing his hunting-garb to his mother.

"Going again, after dinner? It gets dark very early, you know, John. I like to have you all about me when the lamps are lighted, John."

"I know it, mother; but I must go this afternoon."

His brow contracted and his lids drooped until his eyes were almost invisible. Nora had learned the danger-signal. He had reached the limits of endurance.

The dinner was rather a failure, socially. Dick and Bafe clattered their forks and their tongues incessantly, but to no purpose, so far as brightening the atmosphere was concerned.

Lorimer and John were both gravely abstracted.

"I wonder if he knows," Nora said to herself, glancing at her brother-in-law's handsome serious face.

She was not sorry John did not go back to their room with her. Ninette was up there. She had heard her little feet pattering over their heads for some time. Celeste had smuggled her into the house while they were all at table. Early to-morrow the child would have forgotten all about her visit to the flower-garden, and, by to-day she might make indifferent revelations.

Celeste's mood had changed altogether since leaving the house. Her eyes were sparkling, and her whole meager person seemed inflated with an air of importance. Nora looked at her in surprise. She had anticipated at least three days of the sulks.

"The walk has done you good," she said, kindly. "I told you you ought to get out in the sunlight more."

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"I want to know exactly what you mean, Celeste, and all that you mean."

"With pleasure, madame. I was so careless not to notice, until I had got nearly to the front gate of Glenburnie, that the child had lost one of her turquoise shoulder brooches. I left her among the flowers in the garden while I ran back to the house for it. The pin lies to that front veranda are miracles of disguise, madame. Miss Fairbanks's mind not have seen my approach. She was looking down upon the old man who sells her flowers. He stood upon the ground. I heard her say, very distinctly, but it a voice that was not quite steady: 'Tell him yes—I will come this afternoon.' And the old man answered back: 'Dy bayou, remember, mine, five o'clock.' 'Dy bayou—dire o'clock. I will be there, Cato, tell Mr. ——' Then, madame, Miss Fairbanks saw me, and her face, the pure white face of a saint, became redder than those roses she gave the child. That is exactly what I mean, madame, and all that I mean."

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CHAPTER VII.

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Two moving objects had come upon the still landscape, across the narrow ravine, blurring and blotting out all the beauty of it for Nora Lorimer.

From her corner of vantage she could plainly discern John's tall, muscular figure in its garb of drab corduroy. He was slightly in advance of his companion—a woman, well muffled in hood and gossamer, better guarded against the chill autumnal air than poor little Nora had thought to guard herself.

John trudged fearlessly and surefootedly down the crooked, winding trail on the opposite side of the ravine. His companion followed more timorously. At a certain spot Nora saw her husband hesitate, then with a long stride so stepped across a wide crevice in the brown earth. He turned towards his companion with both hands outstretched. She could hear him ask, in a clear, high voice, full of encouragement:

"Dare you venture the leap?"

"With your help, yes," came back to him confidingly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROMPTLY REWARDED.

A Rich Gold Find Directly Due to a Kindness Shown a Stranger.

"A good turn will always turn up so that you never get the worst of it," said Frank Palmer, of Cuzco, Col. "How do you suppose one of the best fellows that ever lived became a rich man? It isn't a long story, but it shows to a dollar that a square act never gets astray, even if it does take some time in finding its way round. Jere Jackson came out to Colorado in the early days without a cent to save his life. He knocked around for a year and a half and lived from hand to mouth. We all liked him, and we knew that, if it wasn't his fault that things didn't come his way, and none of the boys would refuse him shelter when things came particularly hard. Well, one day Jere struck out. He was disgusted with the world in general, and with Mr. Jackson in particular. While plodding along in a lonely part of the country a couple of days after that he came on the dead body of a miner lying in the road. 'Poor devil,' thought Jere; 'I suppose that's how I'll fetch up.' He started in to give the dead stranger the attention that he'd like himself, and was soon digging a grave for a man he had never seen before. He didn't dig far, though; hardly two feet. He had run across gold, gold, gold. He buried his unknown friend in another hole, and quit the first one a rich man. A good turn, even to a stranger, will never give you the worst of it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



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Why pay a good price for a cheap machine when you can get a good machine for the same money?

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Light Clothing,
Light Underwear,
Light Shoes,
Light Dresses,
Light Hats,
Light Slippers

VERY FINE GOODS

and will add materially to your happiness.

BUT THE LIGHT

Quick Meal Gasoline Stove

WILL MAKE HAPPINESS COMPLETE,

As they light quick,
Make light find bills,
Cook Quick and give

COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

We are still selling

Williams Bros., Best Flour, $4.60 Per Barrel

Makes Light Bread,
and the price is very low.

WILLIAMS BROS. ANTIOCH, ILL.

CELESTE RAISED HORRIFIED HANDS: "THE BLACK SAVAGE!"

Stub Ends of Thought.

Do they call it a white lie because the dirt shows on it so easily?

Church singing is the grury to the sermon.

A sigh is the effervescence of sorrow.

A kiss is a language to itself.

The prettiest women are rarely the prettiest wives.

A duel would sing just the same if nobody heard it.

Poverty and sin are partners.

Classical analysis does not show the tears in a pint of whisky.

Worry is a tack in our shoe.

There's crape on the door of the whole world.—Detroit Free Press.

Definitions.

Statesman—A politician who has ceased his plic.

Leader—One who knows which way the wind blows.

Monarchy—A government of kings and court cards. It is distinct from a republic, which is supposed to be a government by the whole pack, though very few of them are really in the deal.

Legislature—A political slaughter-house.

Jealous—Giving the other fellow the worst of it.

Reformer—The man on the outside.—Indianapolis Journal.

The early papers are very incomplete (before 1900). The papers that are there are:

1888 - July 5, 12; August 2, 16, 23, 30; Sept. 27; Oct. 4, 11, 18, 25; Nov. 1 and 29

1889 - Sept. 12, 19, 26; Oct. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31; Nov. 7, 14, 21, 28; Dec. 5

1890 - Sept. 11, 18, 25; Oct. 9, 16, 23, 30; Nov. 6, 13, 20, 27; Dec. 4, 11, 18, 25.

1891 - Jan. 1, 8, 22, 29; Feb. 5, 12, 19, 26; March 5, 12, 19, 26; April 2, 9, 23; June 11, 18; July 2, 16, 23, 30; August 6.

1892 - Dec. 22 & 29. OCT. 20 MAR. 3 may 28

1893 - Jan, ~~19~~, March ~~2~~ 16, 23; April 20, 27; May 4, 11, 18, 25; June 8, 15, 22, 29

1894 - Jan. 4, 11, 18, 25; Feb. 1; May 17, June 14; August 30. JULY 4

1896 - Jan. 9, 16, 23; April 16, Sept. 24; Dec. 24.

1897 - May 6; Dec. 30.

1898 - May 5

1899 - July 27; August 10, 17, 24, 31; Sept. 7, 14, 21.

1900 All papers except June 21 & July 19

1901 - All papers except Jan. 3; Feb. 14; March 7; April 4, 11, 18; May 9, 16; June 13.

1902 - All papers except January 30.

1903 - All papers except April 3.

1904 - All papers are on hand.

1905 - All papers except Dec. 5.

1906 - All papers except Nov. 8 & 15.

1907 - All papers are on hand.

1908 All papers are on hand.

1909 - There are no papers from this year at all.

1910 All papers except July 21.

1911 - All papers except January 5.

1912 - All papers are on hand.

1913 - All papers except November 20.

1914 - All papers ecept June 7 and November 12.

1915 - All papers are missing up to October 7. The center section of , Dec. 2 is also gone.

1916 - All papers except March 16; July 24 and 31.

1917 - There are no papers from this year at all.

1918 - All papers except Jan. 3, 10; March 7 (center section gone); September 5; October 3.

1919 - All papers except Oct 16; Dec. 18 & 25.

1920 - There are no papers from this year at all.

1921 - All papers except Jan. 5 (first page only); Jan. 12, 19, 26; All of May and June except June 23 are missing; Dec. 22.

1922 - All papers except Feb. 2 and April 13.

1923 - All papers except May 17, 24, & 31; June 14, 21, 28; All of July and August 2; Sept. 13 (center section missing); Nov. 1; Dec. 13 & 27.

1924 - All papers except Oct. 9; Dec. 4 & 18.

1925 - There are no papers from this year at all.

1926 - All papers are on hand.

1927 - All papers are on hand.

1928 - All papers are on hand.

1929 - All papers except Feb. 7

After this every year is pretty well complete. The News has been published on a weekly basis.

1928 - bound
1930 on bound

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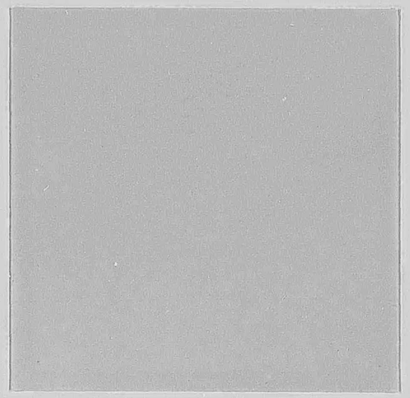
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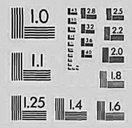
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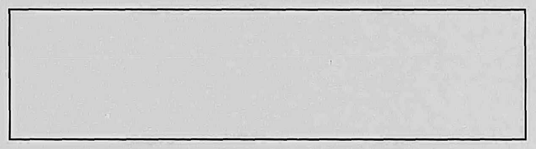
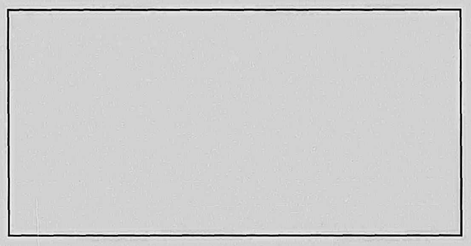
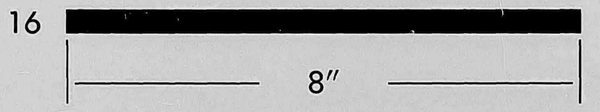
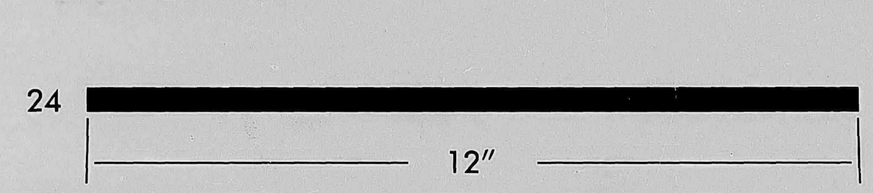


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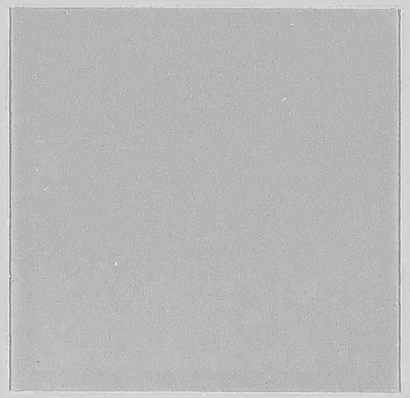
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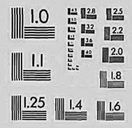




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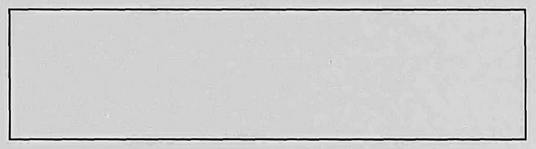


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